THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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OLD TRINITY.

An Interesting Sketch of the Famous Dublin Seat of Learning.

The Famous Men Whose Names Are Associated With the Ancient College.

The Irish capital is not wholly absorbed in the work of electioneering. The celebration of the tercentenary of Trinity College, Dublin, opened on Tuesday with a religious ceremony in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and is still going on. Many distinguished men have gone over from England and from other countries to take part in the demonstration. Indeed, it is certain that scholars, literary and scientific, from all civilized countries have gone to witness and to take part in this glorification of "Old Trinity." Among those who are best known among our social circles here are Sir John Lubbock, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Alma Tadema, Sir James Paget, and that most genial of all genial Irishmen, Sir Richard Quain. Mr. Henry Irving was among the invited guests whose presence was most cordially welcomed, and who, with Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Tadema, received the honors of the university. Among other men of intellectual distinction thus honored were Lord Armstrong, Lord Raleigh, the Bishop of Petersborough, the dean of Canterbury, Dr. Martineau, Principal Drummond, Prof. Dollinger, Dr. Sandys, and Dr. Pelle. The whole of the ceremonials appear thus far to have been of the most stately and picturesque order. The university buildings and the university grounds cannot indeed be compared for a moment with those of Oxford or of Cambridge. The buildings on College Green are heavy and monotonous in style, and, of course, it is a university in the heart of a big city, and no one could look for a Magdalene bridge or "The Backs" there. But everything that could be done to make an artistic pageant seems to have been accomplished by those who undertook the celebration. College Green has taken its name from the foundation of the university. The place was at one time called Hogges Green, and, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was still almost covered with religious houses. Queen Elizabeth made a grant in 1591 of the Augustine monastery of All Saints in order that the university buildings might be founded on the site. The University of Dublin is one institution and Trinity College, Dublin, is another. Trinity College had the start and was the centre. It might be said to have affiliated itself to the university later on, when the university might have become a really national institution, but careless public opinion very often hashes one up with another, and speaks of the college when it means the university, and of the university when it is thinking of the college.

The university and the college have alike a brilliant record. Some of the greatest Irishmen who ever lived received their education under the shelter of the University of Dublin. Of course they were for the most part Protestants, for the university, although it did not close and bar its doors against Roman Catholic students, yet declined for many generations to admit them to any share of its government, or even of its honors. Some Catholics, however, were content to get the education, even though, in that instance, education, like virtue, was its own and sole reward. There was a time when Trinity College and its students were fired by a spirit of nationality and were proud to be ranked among the patriots of the country. The Irish national cause was championed in the perfervid eloquence of the College Historical Society. The most popular man among the students of the college, even among those who wore the gold tassels, which proclaimed noble rank, was Henry Grattan, the tribune of the people. Next to him came Lord Charlemont, the leader of the Irish volunteers, and there was still some popularity to spare for the eccentric Lord Bristol, Bishop of Derry. Those were the days when, at a review in the Phœnix Park, the volunteers who belonged to the university were received by the delighted population of the unofficial orders with cries of "College Boys Forever!" "Long Life to Old Trinity and the Glorious Volunteers!" and other such sounds of national welcome. Old Trinity did not in later days quite keep up its patriotic feeling or receive its patriotic welcome. It came a good deal under the enervating influence of the Castle. The castle was almost exactly like the palace of the Austrian governor in a Lombard or Venetian city of the old days before Solferino and Sadowa. It gathered all that was anti-national within its shelter, and left all that was really national out in the cold. But no one could deny that the University of Dublin sent out to the world good scholars and great men. Even those Irishmen who accepted its teaching, while shut out from all its honors and advantages, were accustomed to speak of it with reverence and with affection. The University of Dublin has had more than one great chance of becoming a thoroughly national institution. Mr. Gladstone, for example, gave it such a chance in 1873. The measure which he then brought in proposed to make the University of Dublin the one central university of the country. It proposed to affiliate to that one central university most of the existing colleges—"Old Trinity" itself, the Queen's Colleges, as they were then called at Belfast and Cork, and the Catholic University which was then struggling for existence under the almost insurmountable obstacles of having no charter and no manner of public endowment. We are not going to discuss the general merits of Mr Gladstones measure. It had unquestionably some grave defects, which at the time we pointed out. But it gave a chance to Dublin University to become a national institution, which the university declined to accept.

Yet the University of Dublin would seem destined to become by some process or other a national institution. The most illustrious names inscribed on its rolls are the names of Irishmen who were above all things national. The cathedral of St. Patric, where the religious service took place that opened the tercentenary ceremonials, encloses within its walls the tablet which records the scevo indignatio of Swift. Swift was a Trinity man, and let us argue as we will about the genuineness of his Irish nationality, we cannot ignore the existence of the immortal "Drapier's Letters." Perhaps we may admit that Goldsmith was not much of an Irish Nationalist; but no one can say that of Edmund Burke—probably the greatest Irishman that ever lived. Burke took his genius to England, where it had a chance, but he never failed to advocate at whatever risk to himself the civil and religious rights of his countrymen. Grattan, Flood, Wolfe Tone, Curran, Plunket, Moore, Shiel, Davis, Butt—these are splendid names belonging to Irish national history. Even in its distribution of honorary degrees during the present celebration we are not able to see that there are many Irish names included in the roll of honor. The lord mayor o Dublin, we believe, has been honored in some way, but we presume the distinction is conferred upon the office—that is, we suppose, that any lord mayor would, under the same conditions, receive the same compliment. We do not by any means suggest that the present lord mayor of Dublin may not personally be deserving in every way of any academical honor that could be conferred upon him. However, we must take Trinity College and the University of Dublin as they are, and we must admit that they have, with whatever shortcomings, rendered great service to education in Ireland, and that they have sent forth some pupils who have done great service in the education of the world. Nor, after all, can we blame the University of Dublin for the fact that it has not always or often been able to get over its unhappy political surroundings. It was nurtured in the days of sectarian ascendency.—*Ex.*

"The Dublin Gaelic Journal."

We were agreeably surprised last week at finding No. 42 of the *Dublin Gaelic Journal* following so closely on No. 41. We trust the improvement will be permanent. Until recently from lack of support the *Journal* could be brought out only at long intervals, five or six times a year. The present issue is very good. There is a great preponderance of Gaelic over English matter, and it is to be hoped the English will soon be crowded out altogether. The only English matter it contains is about one page of notes on matters of interest and a good portion of Mr. William O'Brien's splendid address to the National Society in Cork, recently.

An interesting feature is 'Irish as Spoken" from the Gaelic of Connacht and Ulster. These specimens with the sample of the Gaelic of Munster in a previous issue show how little difference there is between the language of the present day and the written standard, and they show, too, that the only difference between the provinces, outside a few localisms peculiar to each, is merely in the pronunciation, in Leath Mhogha there is a tendency to place the accent on the second syllable while it is generally placed on the first in Leath Chuinn.

A considerable portion of the Gaelic in this issue is printed in the Roman letter for the sake of variety, the editor says, and to satisfy some friends. The yearly subscription is 2s. 6d.—60 cents. For this sum the *Journal* will be mailed to any part of the world. All communications should be addressed to the editor, Father O'Growney, Maynooth, county Kildare, Ireland.

Gaelic Athletics.

The Gaelic Athletic Association, having secured the grounds at Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue, will resume their athletic exercises of football, hurling, running, jumping, throwing weights, tug of war, etc., every Sunday afternoon henceforth, the weather permitting. They cordially invite the patronage of the public and their friends to witness these ancient games. Assuring them that the several contests will be on their merits and made to amuse and interest every one present.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
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We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Good Farm Land For Sale,

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

IRISH MISSOURIANS.

Great Gathering of Irish Nationalists at Cusenbary Park, Kansas City.

Addresses by Edmund Lynch, Congressman Tarsney, Hon. John R. Fellows and Others.

Cusenbary Park was a scene of unwonted gaiety yesterday, occasioned by the advent of 10,000 or more people of Celtic blood at the sixth annual picnic of the United Irish-American Societies. These picnics have always been a success both from a social and financial standpoint, but all of the influences seemed to combine to make yesterday's picnic the most successful in the history of the united societies.

It was a perfect day with a soft, cool breeze that made the park next thing to a paradise, and though the sun shone throughout the day undimmed by any cloud, its rays seemed less fierce than of late, and no one said it was hot. And if they did, Cusenbary Park offers enough mossy glens and shady nooks to satisfy the demands of an entire city of overheated people.

Of course, there were athletic sports, tests of skill and strength galore, as there has been ever since the organization of this Irish fair some centuries ago. An Irish picnic without athletic contests would be worse than a torchlight parade with tallow candles. It simply wouldn't be an Irish picnic. There were, too, Irish jigs and reels, pleasingly mingled with the waltz and polka of the later day. Then there was plenty to eat and drink, and pretty girls by the score might be seen under very nearly every shady tree presiding over some capacious lunch basket and dealing out good things to the hungry ones gathered round.

As if the regular programme of sport and feast was not enough to lure the average Irishman from his home, that orator of national renown, Hon. John R. Fellows, lent his presence and magic tongue to the occasion, delivering to the assembled sons and daughters of Erin one of those neat little addresses for which he is justly famous. He had won the heart of everyone present before he had said ten words, and his references to the struggle for self-government that Ireland is making and prophesies for its early and favorable termination called forth tremendous applause.

It was just about 5 o'clock when President Edmond Lynch pounded his cane on the floor of the little platform in the dancing pavilion and called for order. After a few words of welcome President Lynch introduced Congressman John C. Tarsney, who was given a most hearty reception. Mr. Tarsney made a neat speech of about ten minutes' duration during which he briefly reviewed the history of the Irish race and its mighty struggle for recognition at the hands of the powerful British empire, of which it is a part.

"It is a consolation to us all," said the speaker, "that this contest which has been waged for centuries by the race which is represented here today is in this age crowned with success. For all these long years this heroic people have maintained this unequal struggle against tremendous odds, and in this year; aye, within the past fortnight, we have heard the champion of Home Rule for Ireland called upon to form a government for the British empire. (Applause.) What centuries, what bloodshed and strife could not accomplish the civilization of the nineteenth century, aided by the moral support of this great free America, has brought about."

Mr. Tarsney concluded his remarks with an earnest plea for moderation and steadfastness, adjuring the friends of Ireland to stand firmly together and prophesying for the Irish race a speedy attainment of the goal for which it has so long struggled.

Mr. Tarsney then introduced Col. Fellows, who speedily established himself on a footing of personal friendship with everyone in the pavilion. His native wit savored so strongly of the "old sod" that one man in front of him strongly insisted that he must be an Irishman, which compliment Col. Fellows most gracefully acknowledged.

Col. Fellows began by expressing his gratitude for the warm welcome extended him, praising most handsomely the hospitality of the Western people, the extent of which he had never realized until he visited the West. It was his first visit to Kansas City he said, and was astounded at the boundless wealth and resources of this vast region. Living on that narrow fringe of country on the Atlantic coast those people had come to think that but little of the United States lay outside of it, and it was necessary that a man should travel through the West to properly appreciate the magnificence of his own nation. Referring to the occasion that had brought together so vast an assemblage, the speaker warmly approved of the growth among the American people of the desire for festivals and days for outing when friends and neighbors may come together and renew their acquaintance. He referred to the Irish as a race always fond of their fairs and festivals and to that circumstance he traced much of the feeling of good fellowship that prevails among the race.

"It must be especially gratifying," he said, "to those of you who spring from Irish soil or are of Irish lineage to contemplate the bright promise that awaits your race. When 110 years ago a strong band of devoted and determined men began the strife that ended in the overthrow of tyrannical government, Ireland saw in their conquest a promise of victory for her own struggle, and hope revived in the breasts of her sons. They renewed the contest with tenfold strength, and today you stand upon the very dawn of Ireland's redemption. (Cheers.) And look a little way into the future and 'tis easy for you to see as a result of the manly and bloodless contest that has been maintained the fullest fruition of all your hopes."

Short addresses were also made by Rev. William J. Dalton and City Attorney Fraher, in which the present situation in Ireland was briefly touched upon and the speakers expressed the earnest prediction that Erin would soon enjoy the benefits of local self-government."

Over at the sprinting course which has just been built at the west end of the park the athletic contests had been in progress and were only interrupted long enough to permit the crowd to hear the speeches in the pavilion. There were a good many events on the programme, and plenty of muscular Irishmen who wanted to have a try for the good prizes offered. In the 100 yards race for boys a red headed urchin with the purely Celtic name of Wilhelm Doerr sprinted over the course in thirteen seconds, winning thereby a suit of clothes. It was a dead heat for second prize, but in the run off Willie Burns crossed the tape first. H. L. Clowdsley won the 100 yards race, open to all, in very easy style in the good time of eleven seconds. L. Doerr was second. Clowdsley also won the hurdle race without an effort. John Birmingham was a good second.

In the running high jump handsome Charlie Hickey gracefully hopped over the rod at five feet six inches. None of the others could touch this, and just to show them what he could do if pushed the rod was raised four inches and Charlie went over it without an effort. J. Mangan took second money. Sergeant R. Miller, of the police force, won the fat men's 100 yards race in a puffing finish. No time was taken, as most of the watches run down before the finish. R. H. Grace was second and Con Cronin third. Charlie Hickey also won the sixteen pound hammer contest, with Patrick Connelly second. J. Mangan won the hop, step and jump and John Birmingham took first prize in the pole vault. Grant Woodward captured the gold medal for a running broad jump with eighteen and one-half feet. A. Land was second.—*Kansas City Times, Aug* 16

FAG AN BEALACH.*

BY C. G. DUFFY.

To make the general tone and some of the allusions in this song intelligible, it should, perhaps, be mentioned that it was written in October, 1842, when the hope and spirits of the people were low, and it was published in the third number of the *Nation*, as the Charter-Song of the contributors. It was supposed to be first sung, as it actually was, at one of their weekly suppers.—*Irish Republic.*

"Hope no more for Fatherland,
All its ranks are thinned or broken;"
Long a base and coward band
Recreant words like these have spoken,
But we preach a land awoken;
Fatherland is true and tried
As your fears are false and hollow
Slaves and Dastards, stand aside—
Knaves and Traitors, Fag an Bealach!

Know ye, suffering brethren ours,
Might is strong, but Right is stronger;
Saxon wiles or Saxon powers
Can enslave our land no longer
Than your own dissensions wrong her;
Be ye one in might and mind—
Quit the mire where cravens wallow—
And your foes shall flee like wind
From your fearless Fag an Bealach!

Thus the mighty multitude
Speak in accents hoarse with sorrow—
"We are fallen, but unsubdued;
Show us whence we Hope may borrow,
And we'll fight your fight tomorrow.
Be but cautious, true and brave,
Where ye lead us we will follow;
Hill and valley, rock and wave,
Soon shall hear our Fag an Bealach!

Fling our banner to the wind,
Studded o'er with names of glory;
Worth and wit, and might, and mind,
Poet young, and Patriot hoary
Long shall make it shine in story,
Close your ranks—the moment's come—
NOW, ye men of Ireland follow;
Friends of Freedom, charge them home—
Foes of Freedom, Fag an Bealach!

* Fag an Bealach, "Clear the road"—or, as it is vulgarly spelt, "Faugh a Ballagh" was the cry with which the clans of Connacht and Munster used in faction fights to come through a fair with high hearts and smashing shillelahs. The regiments raised in the South and West took their old shout with them to the continent. The 87th, or Royal Irish Fusileers, from their use of it, went generally by the name of "The Faugh a Ballagh Boys." "Nothing," says Napier, in his History of the Peninsular War, "notsing so startled the French soldiery as the wild yell with which the Irish regiments sprung to the charge"; and never was that haughty, intolerant shout raised in battle, but a charge, swift as thought and fatal as flame, came with it, like a rushing incarnation of Fag an Bealach!

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

AS THEY PLEASE.

That is How Ladies May Attire Themselves this Season, so Long as They are Comfortable.

About "Bangs" and Premature Gray Hairs

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 22.—This is an exceptional summer for many reasons, and especially in the matter of women's dress. Fashion permits any comfortable costume, made in any tasteful and comfortable style. China silks, crepons, prints, ginghams, and soft lawns, white or colored, equally stylish. But the crowning comfort is the consent of her Imperial Highness—Dame Fashion—for ladies to appear on the streets without gloves. It was at first thought that this apparent concession was made to the jewelry business, and that more rings would have to be worn. This fear has proved groundless, although rubies, emeralds, opals, and even cat's eyes are in great demand at present, but not for street car wear. Kid gloves and mits are rarely seen. When gloves are worn, they are the fine loose silk ones.

In speaking of this delightful bare-handed style to an American Worth, I suggested my jewelry suspicion.

"Rings have nothing to do with it," he replied. "The fact is, Fashion can no longer afford to be arbitrary. It is already compelled to take cognizance of the wonderful evolution of common sense in this matter of raiment. Radical fashion setters are disappointed at every turn. One day the leaven of education which had been silently at work for years, developed so tangibly that even the fools among Parisian modistes were obliged to recognize it. Every other woman, for instance, who comes to this establishment to be fitted is sure to say—"Give me room to breathe, please." Once, and not so very long ago it was—"I don't care how tight it is, I want a fit."

This was heartening testimony, and as I stepped out on to Broadway, and almost broke my neck on the train of a painted promenader, I never even thought a bad word, so pleased was I with the words I had just listened to.

A correspondent is very much worried about her bangs, and desires me to find out whether or not these fringes will be fashionable the coming fall and winter.

From all I can ascertain there promises to be as much latitude on this subject as on every other connected with the matter of personal adornment. There is no denying the fact that fluffy, nicely arranged bangs are exceedingly becoming to many faces. Such persons will continue to wear them. Comfort and good taste will be the gods we are to worship in future.

Many complaints have been made of the difference in color between the bang and the hair on the rest of the head. In each instance where investigation was possible, the bang had been constantly curled by hot irons, and in most cases some preparation had been used to keep it curled. This has bleached the hair and the heat of the iron had sapped its vitality, so that the description "wisp of hay" became very appropriate. Scores of women whose cases I am acquainted with, have been obliged to have their heads shaved in order to restore the harmony between the cerebrum and cerebellum, and many more are undecided what to do. It is not nice to wear a wig for months, and it is certainly very disheartening to have one part of the hair a dead yellow, and the other a dark brown.

It would be a real kindness to me personally if my readers who write me for advice on this subject of hair would be so very kind as to put their questions to Miss M. G. Anderson, of 451 Gates avenue. She will always respond if stamps are enclosed. Some of the queries are so delicate and imminent that private answers are necessary, and I have neither the time nor the knowledge for the work. The above mentioned lady has both, and makes it a part of her humane and ably conducted business. For myself I can say that hot irons never touch my hair, nor do I use chemical preparations to keep the curl in. I haven't any curl and I never had a bang. So my burden is light in this respect. Please don't rush to the conclusion that I am opposed to bangs because I do not wear one. I should certainly feel like a fool with clipped hair in front, and am quite sure I should look like one.

I am generally sorry for women whose hair turns prematurely gray, but when I open letter after letter containing such information it seriously disturbs my equilibrium. So I am sure my friends will forgive me for asking to be relieved, especially when I have provided for their kind and able treatment.

There is still another subject which is irritating, and the worst of it is I am not able to mention any one who can deal with with it. The adjective "irritating" is only feebly expressive. It makes me mad each time I read the words. Here they are—"How can I manage my husband?"

I do not know whether such appeals are more idiotic than wicked. And now please let it be understood that I have no theory about managing husbands. I am old fashioned enough to believe in perfect honesty and frankness between married people. If this is impossible by reason of any dereliction on the part of the husband, the wife should do the next best thing, and especially should she keep her affairs to herself. When a wife becomes so dissatisfied with her husband that she can complain of him to her friends, it is about time to quit.

ELEANOR KIRK.

No. 698 Greene avenue.

Two Harvest Excursions.

HALF RATES TO THE WEST.

Aug. 30 and Sept. 27. On these dates the BURLINGTON ROUTE will sell tickets from Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis to the farming districts of Nebraska, Colorado and Northern Kansas. Half rates will apply, and tickets will be good for twenty days. Nebraska in one year produced three hundred million bushels of corn, besides other grain, fruit and live stock. Write for free pamphlets, maps, etc., to P. S. EUSTIS, G. P. A., Burlington Route, Chicago, Ill.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

From Rome.

The Holy Father celebrated mass in the Pauline Chapel on Tuesday, Aug 2, at 7:30 o'clock. He was accompanied by the prelates who compose the anti camera segreto and other members of the pontifical household. A great number of religious orders, priests and strangers were admitted to the ceremony, and after the second mass, which was celebrated by one of the Holy Father's private chaplains, all present were allowed to kneel before the Pope separately for his special blessing. At 6 o'clock in the evening his Holiness again descended to the Paulina Chapel for the usual prayers and to gain the Porziuncula indulgence.

In compliance with the expressed desire of the sovereign pontiff, Monsignore Isidore Carini, prefect of the Vatican library, has collected into an enormous volume a series of documents which treat of the improvements and additions made to the grand library during the pontificate of Leo XIII. The work contains a description of the new Salles, the Visconti collection, the manuscripts recently bought at the Borghese palace, the Oriental documents which were presented to the Pope upon the occasion of the sacerdotal jubilee, and, finally, the books and engravings given by the Marquis Ferraioli. It is also announced that the same learned Monsignore will shortly commence the publication of a regular *Bulletin*, which will open with a very curious and interesting description of the MSS from the Prince Borghese collection, and which up to the present have lain hidden and unread.

The new chapel erected at Ladispoli by the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament was opened to the public and blessed on Sunday last.

One of the Roman daily papers says that up to the present nine millions of francs have been spent upon the monument to Victor Emmanuel, and that before it can be terminated at least fifteen more millions of lire will be required.

La Voce announces that his Eminence Cardinal Ruffo-Scilla is now in excellent health.

Every day brings with it interesting discoveries beneath the Bridge of St. Angelo.

All the clerical papers of the city have confirmed the announcement that the Protestant Committee for the Propagation of Protestantism in Italy have decided to suppress the ten thousand pounds allotted to it from their Italian budget.

The Exequatur has been granted to Mgr. Reggio, the new archbishop of Genoa.

Irish Catholic News.

The Right Rev. Monsignor Walsh, P.P., Kingstown, is taking steps to complete St. Michael's church. A magnificent meeting was held in the church on Sunday evening at which his Grace, the archbishop of Dublin, presided, and subscriptions amounting to £1,138 were handed in including the following: His Grace the archbishop, £100; Right Rev. Monsignor Walsh, £100; Mrs. Crosthwaite, £200; bequest of Mr. Green, £100; the Curates of the parish, £25. Since Monsignor Walsh became pastor of Knightstown he has reduced the debt on the church by £3,629.

Despite the poverty of Ireland and the many distracting influences which exist under present circumstances, churches dedicated to the service of God are everywhere springing up. The beautiful new church of the Redemptorist Fathers, Dundalk, was solemnly dedicated by his Grace the Primate of All Ireland, in the presence of a large congregation which included many Protestants, on Sunday.

Father Callaghan, Castle Garden, New York, has written a letter to the Rev. J. F. Doyle, C. C., New Ross, which deserves the widest publicity. After expressing regret at the necessity which compels so many young females to seek new homes in strange lands and detailing the dangers which beset them on landing: the reverend gentleman continues: "No greater act of charity could be done by the priesthood than seeing to it, that no young girl should leave her parish without a letter to the director of this mission, especially if the emigrant's destination is New York or neighborhood. When a girl arrives here and is provided with a letter of introduction, she responds, and cheerfully, too, to our advice; not so with those whose fixed idea is to first see their friends. Friends, alas! God help them, poor, confiding people! America is a good place for those only who work, and are, at the same time, wise and wary. Man or woman, boy or girl, who is not sober, industrious, self-respecting and self-reliant, ought never to leave Ireland. I sincerely trust that some time in the near future Ireland will have a society to co-operate with us. It is not our mission to induce our people to emigrate. On the contrary we would be glad if they stayed at home. But so long as necessity drives them here, it is our duty to aid them to the best of our ability, and surely it is not less Ireland's duty to lend her aid in the same direction." Ireland has many benevolent and charitable institutions, but none that should meet with more hearty co-operation or more warm support than one such as Father Callghan wishes to see established.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

Malarial and other atmospheric influences are best counteracted by keeping the blood pure and vigorous with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A little caution in this respect may prevent serious illness at this season. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best all the-year round medicine in existence.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Fied of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gisli and Gaul," "The White Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Iover," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

When marching into the ancient town on the Somme Fergus felt as if walking on air. After having got the white dust of the road brushed off his uniform, and partaken with his brother officers of some hasty refreshments, he was not slow in proceeding to the chateau.

A servant in livery highly bed'zened with lace recognized him on sight, and at once ushered him into the presence of her he was so longing to behold. Eloise was sitting at a window, her head resting pensively on her white hand, her lissome form clad in her dark garb of grief.

She started to her feet with a joyous exclamation as he entered, and glided towards him with outstretched hands, her face beaming with pleasure. In a moment his clasp was on her waist and his lips against her cheek; but she immediately blushed to the temples and gently disengaged herself from his embrace.

"Ma mere," she whispered.

At the words he glanced around the apartment, and was covered with confusion to see the countess sitting in the shadow of some draperies, her folded hands resting on her lap, and her gaze fixed quietly upon him.

He was not naturally bashful, but as his gaze encountered the calm, attentive features of the mother of his imanorata, he trembled for the fate of his passion, and would have recalled the very affectionate embrace she had just beheld him bestow upon her daughter. The countess had certainly a commanding presence.

He changed color, stammered, and sank his gaze to the carpet.

But the result of the denouement was not such as he expected.

Suppressing a smile at his embarrassment, the countess arose, courteously greeted him, welcoming him back to Peronne, and inviting him to be seated.

She also was dressed in mourning, and wore a widow's cap. Her pallid and worn cheeks betokened the keen sorrow with which she had received the tidings of the fate of her lord, whose dust was now lying in a nameless grave on the field of Dettingen.

"Eloise has made me her confidante, Monsieur O'Ronan," she said when he had tolerably recovered his equanimity, "and I have offered her no opposition. My child is free to make her own choice, but of course I am anxious that her heart may not mislead her. Now, Eloise is the daughter of one of the noblest houses in France, while you are a—a stranger."

"Pardon me, madame," said Fergus respectfully; "I regret you have been misinformed on the point, but, as an Irish soldier in the service of King Louis, I am no stranger—I enjoy the honor and privileges of a French citizen."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the countess, smiling at the construction he put on her words and the eagerness with which he hastened to vindicate his position.

"Ay, madame, by virtue of the direct mandate of the Grand Monarch to the civil lieutenant LeCamus, declaring it his wish that the Irish who had passed into his kingdom should enjoy the same rights as natural-born Frenchmen, without having to take out letters of naturalization; by right also of the decree of his present majesty to the Bureau du Domain and his letter to the chapter of Lille, confirming to us Irish the right of French citizenship."

"Ma foi! you are quite a military lawyer, monsieur; how well you plead!"

"In such a cause, madame, who would not?"

He glanced at Eloise. She smiled and blushed again as she met his gaze.

He hung anxiously on her mother's next words, and his heart bounded with joy as he listened.

"I wish you and Eloise to wait for a year, Monsieur O'Ronan. At the expiration of that time, when you may have ascertained your true feelings towards each other, you may expect my consent to your union—should nothing have occurred to prevent it."

He at once expressed his grateful acquiescence. Eloise exchanged with him a look of profound happiness.

"Hola, my friend O'Ronan, back to us once more!" exclaimed a voice at the door, and Retéde Peronne entered, his right arm resting in a sling.

"I need not call you Cousin Baudin any longer," he remarked with a laugh; "Eloise has let me into the secret of your identity. Excuse my giving you my left hand; my right, you perceive, still continues a token of that lively charge where in you and I rode side by side, shearing our mutual way through the foe. I have told my sister and sister of your giving the coup de grace to the dragoon who slew my father. Tudieu! I never thought you would come alive out of that melee. When I last caught sight of you your left arm was dripping with blood."

"I had strong fears for you also," replied Fergus, "and was delighted to learn you were alive. It was a fearful battle. Thank heaven it is over and past, and here we are both to the good."

"You with a lieutenant's commission and I with a disabled arm. Ma foi, what various gifts old Mars sprinkles around him!" ejaculated the young Count of Peronne—for René of course, had succeeded to his father's title.

The happy suitor spent a pleasant evening at the chateau, the hour being pretty late when he departed for his sleeping quarters in the garrison barrack, after an exchange of many tender expressions of regard with her who was now virtually his betrothed. Next morning, though he cast a regretful parting glance at the chateau, there was no lighter heart than his in the regiment as it re med its march, and the ancient streets of Peronne resounded with the strains of "The White Cockade."

The Brigade marched through Arras, the old fortified town on the Scarpe, which in the preceding century had been heroically defended for Spain by the celebrated Irish general, Owen Roe O'Neill, against three of the greatest French marshals of his day, De Chatillon, De Chanles, De la Meilleraye.

The various regiments began now to break off for their allotted winter quarters—that of Rothe, whose uniform, like that of Fitzjames' Horse, was faced and turned up with blue, marching to St Omer's, while that of Dillon proceeded to Dunkirk, its former station.

The autumn and winter went uneventfully by. At Christmas, on the receipt of a pressing invitation from the Count de Peronne, Fergus sought and obtained leave of absence for a few weeks, which he passed most agreeably in the fine old Picardian chateau.

CHAPTER X.

THE CONVENT OF YPRES

"When on Ramillies' bloody field
The baffled French were forced to yield,
The victor Saxon backward reeled
Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons,
The flags we conquered in that fray
Hang lone in Ypres' choir, they say—
We'll win them company today,
Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons."

The spring of 1744 brought a great concourse of military into Dunkirk. For days the eyes of the worthy townsfolk were kept wide open in surprise as regiment after regiment marched in through the neat, large, well paved streets of their seaside town, to take up quarters in some of the various barracks, or else to be billetted in private houses. Blue, white, and red uniforms dotted by the hundred the pleasant banks of the canal, and the walks of the tree-shaded mall, and the ramparts, and the shingly beach. The uniforms of the Irish Brigade were mingled with those of Lord John Drummond's Royal Scots, of the Regiments de Normandie, de Picardie, des Vaisseaux General officers, flaring in gold lace, were to be met by dozens in the streets. In the port lay a squadron of stately men-of-war and bulky transports, each vessel displaying two various colored flags, the white lilied banner of St. Louis and the red-cross one of St George.

Everywhere was seen the White Cockade, everywhere was heard the music of a Jacobite air, or the words of a song lustily trolled forth by an enthusiastic partisan of the house of Stuart:

"King Charles he is King James' son,
And of a royal line is come;
Then up with shout and out with blade,
And we'll raise once more the White Cockade!"

Words of congratulation and rejoicing resounded on all sides, the accents of Caledonia and Hibernia being particularly eage and distinct.

"The king shall hae his ain again, Sandy!"

"Glory be to St. Patrick, Murty, the Wild Geese are going to fly home at last!"

The cause of all was that France had projected an invasion of England in favor of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, grandson of James the Second, and son of him who was known to the Jacobites as James the Third and to the Georgeites as "the Pretender," him who was now living an exile in Rome. The young prince had left the latter city in January, ostensibly for a boar-hunt, in order to deceive the Georgeite spies who were watching his movements. Under the name of the Marquis Spinelli he had travelled to Paris, where he was now awaiting a proper hour for the sailing of the expedition.

The military force which was to sail for England numbered 15 000 men, with a large quantity of warlike munition, and was to be under the command of an old acquaintance of ours, the General Count de Saxe.

One afternoon, shortly before the date projected for the sailing of the expedition, Fergus O'Ronan was sauntering listlessly along the grey ramparts, now gazing on the sea flecked with white sails, now listening to the music of the bands playing on the mall, when suddenly he found himself face to face with Saxe. The latter, who was linked arm-in-arm with a cheval ier of the order of St Louis, stopped on recognizing him, and courteously acknowledged his salute.

"Ah! my dear Monsieur Baudin, have I indeed the deep pleasure of meeting you once more? And so you have grown to be a lieutenant. Parbleu! I congratulate you on your promotion, due, no doubt, to your happy faculty of carving people."

"Thanks for the compliment, General."

"By the way, mon ami," inquired the veteran with an amused twinkle in his keen eye, "might you have any remembrance of the features of this gentleman beside me? Prithee look well at him."

But Fergus did not need a sharp scrutiny to identify the well-knit form and dark handsome countenance of him with whom he had crossed swords on a certain memorable night in the streets of Paris.

"The Chevalier de Riveul!"

De Riveul made a polite bow.

"I am delighted to meet monsieur once more."

"And I that your wound has not proved fatal."

"Happily I have almost recovered from its effects. I cannot tell how anxiously I have longed to renew the acquaintance of the giver."

"Come, come, Antoine! I see you have a duel in your eye, and I shall not allow that kind of thing here. Unless you promise me to avoid sending a challenge, at least until the expedition has sailed, I shall be greatly displeased with you. Shake hands, gentlemen, and I shall feel greatly obliged."

Saxe spoke in a half-persuasive, half-commanding tone. His nephew courteously obeyed him.

"You have my promise, uncle"; and he shook the hand of Fergus with much apparent cordiality.

"I understand," he said in an eager undertone to the latter, "that you are the accepted lover of Madame de Peronne?"

"I have that honor."

"Good. Well, sooner or later you may expect to hear from me through the medium of a friend."

"Your friend shall always find me ready, chevalier."

With a final bow the pair parted—a bow so suave and polite that one would never dream that their parting words presaged a deadly encounter at some future time—a combat perhaps *a l'outrance*

A few weeks went by, and the hopes of the Stuart prince received a bitter blow. Early in March the expedition had started, men-of-war and transports with the army of invasion in full sail with a fair wind for the English coast; when suddenly the wind shifted and increased, a long and fierce storm sinking, shattering, and driving back the vessels, and compelling the expedition to be abandoned!

"You can only blame the winds and fortune, monsigneur, for the misfortune that has happened to us," wrote Saxe to Charles Edward.

Great was the regret and dismay of the Brigade as they perforce disembarked on French soil, that stormy March, from the tempest-shattered transports of the abortive expedition.

But now, ere the end of the same month, war was officially declared between France and England; and from being auxiliaries the two nations became principals in the great struggle. The French entered with national fire and vigor into the contest, for which preparations were made on a grand scale. One large army was despatched to guard the passes of the Alps; another (under Coigny) to force the passage of the Rhine. Cardinal Fleury, who so long had ruled France with wisdom and discretion, was now dead, and Louis the Fifteenth was his own master. Urged by Madame de Chateauroux—of all his mistresses the one who cared most for his honor—he put himself at the head of a large army for the reduction of Flanders. He appointed Saxe a marshal and chief of his staff, giving him supremacy not only over the other French marshals but even over the princes of the blood; and the veteran declared "his only wish was to deserve that honor as well as M. Turenne, and to die in the same manner—that is, on the field of battle"

Led by the French king in person the vast army reached Lille at the beginning of May, and here it was joined by the Irish Brigade under Lord Clare.

On the night of our hero's arrival in camp he went with Lally and Glascock to witness the performance of a company of Parisian comedians who had accompanied the army on its march. The entertainment was patronized by King Louis, Saxe, and several of the generals and princes of the blood. Lally directed the attention of his companions to an actress gorgeous in spangles, tulle, and feathers, but who displayed small skill or talent in her profession.

"That is Madame Chantilly, of whom you may have heard. What think you? Saxe is head over ears in love with her; she is about the hundredth flame that has burned in his very susceptible heart. Her acting, you perceive, is mere twaddle; her manner is about as low and vulgar as that of the most ordinary grisette one would meet on the quays of Paris The new marshal has lavished a fabulous amount of jewelry on her, but *on dit* she hates him like a leper, preferring to give her affections to a certain ex pastry cook named Favart, who has given up his father's trade to write comic operas. *Tonnerre de guerre*, notice the ardent gaze of her smitten devotee!—his old soul is in his eyes—and ha! there goes another proof of the wordrous power of Cupid."

At this point Saxe threw a magnificent bouquet on to the stage; his enchantress tripped forward, picked it up, and acknowledged the compliment with a simpering bow, and at the incident the temporary temple of Thespis shook with a great round of applause.

Other symptoms of the veteran's devouring passion were displayed during the night, and the amusement of the Irish officers was unbounded.

The campaign was a swift and brilliant one. Troops were launched into the hostile country, sweeping away cattle and lifting war contributions even to the very gates of Ghelt, within sound of the famous bell Roland. The strong frontier towns of Menin, Ypres, and Furnes were reduced in succession, the Brigade under Lord Clare playing a prominent part at the siege of each, the gallant O'Brien himself mounting the trenches with his men in the midst of the deadly storm of shot and shell from the ramparts. Everywhere success crowned the French, and it was only in June that the main allied forces of British, Dutch, and Hanoverians, under Marshal Wade, came marching from Brussels to oppose them.

The Regiment de Dillon, now about 700 strong, saw very active service, being employed in the district nearest to the enemy Once, when Fergus O'Ronan was reconnoitring with his company within sight of the spire of Oudenarde, on the old battle-ground of Vendome and Marlborough, his party was joined and supported by a squad rom of Carbineers under the Chivalier de Riveul. The latter saluted him with his usual courtesy, but made no reference to the "affair of honor" pending between them.

Foraying was wearisome work, and Fergus was not sorry when his corps were ordered to take up their quarters in the captured town of Ypres, in the Austrian Netherlands. It was on a hot July day they marched in, their red flowing coats and flapped waistcoats covered with dust, and their long, white gaiters frayed and worn with marching. They found their new quarters pleasant ones enough. The place was a fine large town, with regular fortifications. Among the means of defense were sluices by which the surrounding country could be laid under water; but even these had proved inadequate to resist the French, whose flag had replaced the Dutch ensign on the citadel.

"I am going to visit my niece, who is a novice here in the convent of Irish Benedictine nuns," said Captain Glascock to Fergus on the morning after their arrival; "what do you say to accompany me?"

The latter willingly concurred, and the pair set out through the broad, clean, well paved streets. They passed through the market place, the largest in Flanders, surrounded with picturesque arcades, and having in the centre a fine fountain erected by Louis the Fourteenth; halted to gaze at the noble Gothic cathedral, and the handsome church of the Jesuits, and at the fine town-house with its stately archive tower and its magnificent stone façade, six hundred feet long, adorned with statues of the dukes of Brabant and earls of Flanders. They passed by numerous silk and woolen manufactories, and also those of the celebrated table linen that takes its name from the place—disper (d'Ypres)

At length they reached the Irish nunnery, and Fergus noticed the date of its erection, 1612, sculptured in relief over the arched doorway at which they applied for admission. An elderly, pleasant faced Sister admitted them, and while his companion was conducted to the parlor Fergus desired to be shown into the convent chapel.

It was a beautiful little Gothic edifice, full of tender and sacred Irish memories, memories of Irish holiness and Irish valor. Beneath the floor lay the dust of some of the most noble and pious ladies of Ireland, and the reverential gaze of the visitor rested on the graven names of Dame Margaret Arthur, who died in 1715 of Madame Butler, who died in 1719, and of several other departed Sisters.

In the choir of the chapel hung two flags—one green, the other red. The red one, bearing a dragoon, was that of an English regiment, the Kentish Buffs; the green one that of the Scots Brigade in the service of Holland; and both colors had been taken from their respective regiments by the Regiment of Clare, in 1706, in the great battle of Ramillies.

Fergus, after having knelt awhile before the tabernacle, stood surveying these suggestive monuments and trophies with sentiments of deep emotion. So rapt was he in his occupation that, until their soft footfalls sounded at his side, he was unaware of the approach of a Sister and a novice who had left their stalls and were proceeding out of the chapel. Looking around, his gaze rested on the face of the latter. For a moment—and a moment only—their eyes met!

"Way, man, what has come over you?" inquired Glascock as he rejoined him a minute or two later; "you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"And so I have," was the murmured reply.

The novice was Marion Bourke.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC POETRY.

Is Deirneach Aoir.

Is deirneach ardir bhí mé féin ag siúbhal
Aig cois abhann 'gus mé aig osnuighil;
'Nuair a thuit an ghruaig air leith le m'eudan,
'S go raibh eágla Dé orm 's gan fios cá an fáth.
'Nuair a las na reulta ós cionn na spéire
Go bh-fuair mé leurtus beag air mhnaoi;
Lot sí mo thaobh le saighead ghlan gheur,
'S gur fhág sí léasa i lár mo chroidhe.

A óig-mhnaoi mhdinte, na buail fúmsa;
Deare air mo chruth nach bh-fuil mé slán,
Go bh-fuil mé stuacach- feargach, gruamach,
A's roint de mo thuairisg air easbhuigh an bhráigh;
Na tuig 's na saoil go g-cuirfidh tú dhíot me
Air éis a liachtarigh breágh a chuir mé ann bais,
O fuair mé an méid so 'mach de do thréidhthibh,
Shuibh'lfainn Eire le fonn thú a fhághail.

Tabhair dhamh-sa spás go ceann naoi lá
Go d-tugaidh mé an chuairt so 'mach fá'n tír;
Go bh-feicfidh mé mo ghaolta 'gus cuidiughadh leis na créstuir,
Ar chaith mé tríotha tús mo shaoghail.
Imthigh 'gus deun sin 'gus cas an so arís,
'S gheabhaidh tú an phláit ó dheas de do cheann;
Feicfidh tú bád ag síncáil agus luingios a' springáil;
'S Eireannaighe a' teannadh air loing an áir.

'Gus siúd é siar mian mo chroidhe-se,
'S é dul air an aonach ag ceannach bó;
Ribíoidhe síoda i ngiúg' a bhriste,
Agus bidheann sé ag ól-for-chur claon air mhnáibh.
Ceannuigheann sé saor agus díolann sé daor,
Air ós an Mhaoinigh ó'n t-Sliabh Bán,
Air ghabh áll an fás dó le congnadh Criosta
Béidh mian mo chroidhe agam-sa air lámh.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12 50 We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No 33—Men's size, open face. Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12 00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and instalment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14 35

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10 This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15 THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside" a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger" hunting or open face, $30.00.

No 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18 50

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12 25

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22 00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17 25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13 15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20 Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13 75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Let There Be Peace

In the gastric region. If troubled with nausea from sea sickness, biliousness or other cause, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will immediately put a stop to the stomachic disturbance. A prominent and most unpleasant feature of liver complaint is nausea in the morning. The symptoms disappear and the cause is removed by the Bitters. Many persons have very delicate stomachs which trifling indiscretions in eating or drinking, or even some slight that is repulsive, disorders. Such persons cannot act more wisely than to invigorate their digestive region with the Bitters, a tonic specially adapted to reinforce it. For malaria, rheumatism, kidney troubles and nervousness the Bitters will be found marvellously beneficial, and when sleep is untranquil and appetite variable it soon improves both. It is in fact a most comprehensive and delightful remedy.

ABANDON THE STRIKE.

That May Soon Be the Order at Buffalo.

IMPORTANT CONFERENCE OF CHIEFS

Sargeant, Sweeny, Wilkinson and Clark to Meet—Peace Will Be Advised and Sweeny Will Yield Gracefully and the Striking Switchmen Will Be Ordered to Seek Their Old Places—Soldiers Make Use of Their Guns.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 23.—The strike situation can be summed up in one word: Waiting. Grand Master Wilkinson of the trainmen is en route here and also Chief Conductor Clark of the conductors. Sargent, Sweeney, and Wilkinson will hold a conference and when Clark arrives another conference between the four executives will take place. Chief Arthur of the engineers is not expected to be present. The result of these conferences will decide the action to be taken. The belief is growing that this action will be an abandonment of the strike. The plan, it is now said, is to let the strike down easy. The conference will advise peace, Grand Master Sweeney will yield gracefully, and the striking switchmen will go back to their places if they can, or will seek work elsewhere. This is admittedly the critical point of the trouble, however. The firemen are reported to be clamoring for a strike, but Sargent says that no matter if they voted unanimously to strike he would not approve it if in his judgment he did not consider it prudent.

Shooting All Along the Line.

There were the customary number of small rows in various parts of the disturbed district Monday night, but nothing of a serious nature occurred. There was shooting all along the front from the Ohio street trestle to the Tifft farm. Out on Seneca street a great many shots were fired and many more on the Tifft farm. So far as learned they were for the usual causes—night breakers, throwing bricks or mysterious forms scudding through the darkness. Between 12:30 and 1 o'clock Monday morning a striker was shot by a soldier stationed at the Hamburg street crossing of the Lehigh Valley. The emergency hospital was notified and he was conveyed thither in an ambulance. At the hospital he gave his name as William Moran and said his home was at 445 Seneca street. The story he told the physicians was that he was walking along Hamburg street when he was challenged by a soldier. He stopped and had some words with him—"or talked a long while," as Moran put it, and then started to walk off, whereupon, so Moran alleges, the sentry fired five shots at him. Only one took effect. It entered the calf of his right leg.

GOVERNOR FLOWER TALKS.

He Thinks the Switchmen Made a Mistake at the Start.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—A special to The World from Utica says that Governor Flower stopped there on his way to Albany, and, referring to the strike, said: "I am inclined to think that the strikers made a bad move at the beginning. If they had gone to work and had the president of the Central arrested for violating one of the laws of the state they could have had him convicted and fined $500 or imprisonment for one year. Last winter the legislature passed a law making it obligatory for railroad companies to give a day's pay for ten hours and to pay extra for all over that. I signed the bill and the strikers had a good chance to make a test case. Why did they not do that? If they had done so I think they would have won their case."

What Hugh Ross Charges.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., Aug. 23.—Hugh Ross, of the Homestead advisory committee says that letters could be produced from the Carnegie Steel company asking their old men to return to work, and that in some of these cases the men who were thus solicited had previously been served with warrants by the company's attorneys on the charge of riot, etc. As the men so charged were promised immunity by the company if they would only return, Mr. Ross thought this action on the part of the Carnegie firm looked very much like compounding a felony and said that the courts might be asked to decide the question.

Trouble Brewing in the South.

CHATTANOOGA, Aug. 23.—A conference was held Tuesday between a committee of the switchmen employed in the various yards and on the different lines running into this city and General Manager Terrill, of the Queen and Crescent system, but the result is not known. The men asked to be placed on the same footing as switchmen at Cincinnati and other northern cities. The trainmen and switchmen are organizing to unite in a general demand for more wages.

Struck for One Man.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 23.—The Knights of Labor in Granger's brewery went on a strike Monday because of Mr. Granger's refusal to reinstate a discharged knight. His place had been filled by a Knight of Labor as agreed between the proprietor and the knights, but the men went out nevertheless on Mr. Granger's refusal to re-employ him.

Strike of Saw Mill Hands.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., Aug. 23.—A thousand saw-mill employes working in mills of five companies which run eleven hours a day struck Tuesday for ten hours and eleven hours pay. At the same time they sent committees to mill owners with a petition. No reply has been returned by the mill owners.

Will Rebuild the Stockades.

NASHVILLE, Aug. 23.—The prison inspectors and the lessees had a conference Monday concerning the convicts and it is given out that the lessees will rebuild the stockades at Inman, Oliver Springs and Tracy City and return the convicts to those places under heavy guards.

Strike of Brewers.

TROY, N. Y., Aug. 23.—The brewers employed in this city struck at noon Monday because the drivers on the delivery wagons refused to organize. The strike was ordered by the National union and the Central Labor council.

Attorney General at His Post.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23.—Attorney General Miller has returned to the city from a vacation at his home in Indiana.

THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Reception to the Supreme Lodge—Parades and Fireworks.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 23.—The army of the white lily has taken Kansas City. The Knights of Pythias are in possession of the town. The dove of peace perched on the Pythian banner as the knights marched in and the occupation of the city was a bloodless one. Kansas City simply opened her gates, turned the keys over to the Pythian host and the knights marched in. Camp George B. Shaw presents a truly martial appearance, although gayly decorated with flags and bunting of the Pythian colors. The guards solemnly pace their beats as if the fate of an army depended upon the strict performance of their duty. Aids and orderlies scurry hither and thither with an energy worthy of real army service and the general military rules and proprieties are strictly observed. The camp is occupied by some twelve thousand members of the uniform rank. They have come from every state and territory in the Union and from Canada and Mexico.

Reception to the Supreme Lodge.

The ball was opened Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock when a reception to the supreme lodge was given at the Grand Opera house. Major William Warner eloquently welcomed the knights to the city in behalf of the Kansas City knights. Governor D. R. Francis welcomed them on behalf of the state, and Grand Chancellor E. M. Harbor welcomed them on behalf of the grand lodge. Responses were made by the supreme chancellor, and impromptu addresses by other members of the supreme lodge. The supreme representatives immediately upon the conclusion of the reception proceeded to Scottish Rite hall, where the opening session was held. The session was opened in regular ritualistic order, and prayer was offered by Supreme Prelate E. T. Blackmer of San Diego. The report of the committee on credentials was made and then the lodge took up the routine business of the session, the report of the supreme officers being the first in order.

The Grand Parade.

In the afternoon the supreme lodge witnessed the grand parade and the supreme chancellor and supreme lodge officers occupied seats in the grand stand as the parade went past. The parade occupied about two hours and covered about four miles of ground. In the evening after the parade there was a monster parade of the citizens. Between 400 and 500 citizens met at the Commercial club rooms. Armed with umbrellas in Pythian colors, under the command of President Putnam, they marched through the principal streets of the city headed by a band and followed by a long line of bicyclists. They marched to Camp Shaw and paid their respects as citizens to their guests. The first of the grand display of fireworks took place at the Exposition park Tuesday night. The display was the finest ever seen in Kansas City and an excellent programme was prepared.

SOME TREASURY FIGURES.

Revenues Increasing at the Rate of $1,000,000 a Month.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23.—Treasury officials state that the department has a balance of $50,000,000 and the revenues, notwithstanding the loss of the $60,000,000 on sugar, are increasing at the rate of $1,000,000 a month from customs alone. This rate of increase has been going on since the 1st of March. The increase of internal revenue for the year closed July 1 was $3,000,000 over the year before, and this year there will be an increase of $6,000,000 over the year just closed. It is estimated that the customs revenues this year will produce a surplus of $15,000,000 over expenditures.

Not Apprehensive.

Secretary Foster is not at all apprehensive that the treasury department will experience any trouble in the matter of the shipment of gold during the present year. He so expressed himself to a reporter. The secretary believes that things are safe with the large amount of gold the government absolutely owns, viz., $110,000,000, and thinks it will take many a demand to seriously deplete the store, when constant accessions to it are being made. "Nothing has been done looking to a prevention of the shipments of gold from this country," said the secretary, "and nothing will be done."

Detroit Exposition Opened.

DETROIT, Aug. 23.—At noon Monday the Detroit International Fair and Exposition was opened by Governor Winans and will be in operation for two weeks. General Miles and staff, who were here from Chicago, reviewed the parade of the Michigan militia and the regulars from Fort Wayne. Of the former over two thousand men were in line, comprising the entire state force. Political day, Thursday, promises to be a most interesting event. Congressman William M. Springer of Illinois, ex-Congressman Dunnell, Colonel J. S. Norton and the Michigan gubernatorial nominees will speak.

Police Protect an Armory.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 23.—Colonel Norman M. Smith of the Eighteenth regiment Monday night asked for detectives to guard the regiment armory which is situated in the heart of the city. Colonel Smith says that on last Wednesday night an attack was made on the armory hall by some men with the purpose of securing the arms stored there. Monday night the windows were broken and Colonel Smith decided to call for police protection. A force has been detailed to guard the approaches to the armory.

Stevenson Starts for Home.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—General Stevenson made a farewell call on Chairman Harrity Monday and had a quiet conference with him. He left later for his home in Bloomington, Ills., where he will open the campaign in Illinois on Saturday. Next week he will address several meetings in Indiana and on Sept. 2 he will revel on barbecued meat near Kerndon, Ky., his former home. On Sept. 16 he goes to North Carolina, where he is billed to make six speeches. On Oct. 1 he will address a meeting at Woodside Park, O.

No Mine Horror Near Peoria.

PEORIA, Ills., Aug. 23.—Sand sifting through a hole in the supporting timbers of a mine at Wesley City, a few miles south of this place, caused the closing of the entry and sensational dispatches of a great mine disaster were sent out. The men left the mine by the escapement and were back at work within an hour.

Foster Returns to Washington.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23.—Secretary Chas. W. Foster has returned to the city after a visit to Ohio of three weeks.

SARGENT AT BUFFALO.

Grand Master of the Firemen's Brotherhood Talks.

FIREMEN WILL NOT STRIKE ALONE.

If It Becomes Necessery to Order Them Out Engineers, Conductors, Trainmen, and Telegraphers Will Go with Them—What Superintendent Brunn Says of the Attempts to Wreck Trains—Adjutant General Porter Inspects Troops.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 22.—Grand Master Sargent of the Locomotive Firemen's Brotherhood arrived in Buffalo at 6 o'clock Monday morning. This is the latest feature of the strike. Past Grand Chief Telegrapher Thurston of Vinton arrived here Saturday night. Now the heads of all the railroad organizations, with the exception of the engineers, are or have been on the scene and in a position

E. WALTER WEBB.

to intelligently discuss the situation. The firemen are masters of the situation, and it is for Grand Master Sargent to say whether the present strike shall collapse or spread to proportions involving incalculable loss not only to the participants in the struggle, but to the commerce and business of the country. Mr. Sargent was a very tired man as he stepped from his car. To a reporter who asked him for an interview he begged to be excused at that time, but promised one later in the day.

Talk with Grand Master Sargent.

Grand Master Sargent went from the depot to the Broezel House. When he had breakfast he was assigned to Room 18. When he had rested he consented to talk to a reporter. His words seem to strengthen the belief that the trouble here is not yet over. Said Mr. Sargent: "I came here in response to telegrams from Mr. Sweeney. You ask me what the outlook is; I cannot tell you yet. I am here sooner than was expected, for I was quite ill and did not at first think I should be able to leave my bed. But I made up my mind that it was highly necessary for me to come and I started Sunday morning."

"But, Mr. Sargent, are the firemen going out? That is the question that interest Buffalonians above all others."

"That I cannot tell. But let me assure you that if the firemen go out the engineers, trainmen, conductors and railroad telegraphers will go with them."

A Wrong Impression.

He became deeply interested and continued: "That I know. Mind you, now, I do not say that the firemen will go out, but I want you to emphasize that fact—that if the firemen go out the conductors, trainmen, engineers, and telegraphers will go with them. The public have a wrong impression in this matter, and the papers have been misleading them. The papers have been talking of the firemen as if they were going to go out as a separate body. That is not so. They will not go out alone."

"What is the specific grievance of the firemen in this city?"

"They have none that I know of. But it is now a question as to whether the railroad corporations or the different bodies of organized labor are to succeed. Suppose that the switchmen are defeated in this struggle? What then? In the future whenever the firemen, engineers, or any other order of railroad employes go to their corporations with requests or grievances they will simply be ignored. It will be a sympathetic strike altogether—a struggled between the railroad corporations and organized labor."

No Necessity for Troops.

"Do you consider that it was necessary to bring so many troops into Buffalo?"

"Positively not. It seems to me that there might have been found a sufficient number of brave men in Buffalo to act as deputies without calling out the uniformed troops. That is the way it looks to an Indiana man. I do not believe that these acts of lawlessness and violations have been committed by switchmen. So far as I know them they are men of common sense and honor and would do nothing of this sort. But in this as in all other strikes I have ever known about there are a gang of disreputable curs and bums hanging about who commit those depradations and the railroad men are blamed for it."

He spoke of Grand Master Sweeney in the highest terms but as he had not yet seen him he was unable to say when the important conference would be held.

What Vice President Webb Says.

Vice President Webb was informed Monday morning of Grand Master Sargent's arrival, and his explicit statement that should the firemen strike the engineers, trainmen, and all organized branches of the employe service on the roads would follow.

"I don't think it possible that a general strike will take place," said Mr. Webb, "and that, as a question, is not worth discussing. I can't see that these kindred organizations have any grievance, at least not on our road. No, I do not think it even probable that they will strike."

"Would you meet the issue in the same way if it came as in the case of the switchmen?"

"There can be no answer to that question. I do not believe a general strike will take place. All I can say now is that we are moving our freights regularly under proper protection."

Was a Wise Move.

The chief military officials now located here are satisfied that the calling to Buffalo of over half of the national guard of the state was a wise and necessary move. Adjutant General Porter, with General Doyle and other officers, made a tour of all the military camps and their observations resulted in the conclusion that the force here, considering the great amount of territory to be covered and the vast amount of property that has to be guarded, was not excessive. Not only this, but a doubt was left in the minds of all the party whether the summoning of more troops would not be necessary. General Porter talked with the commanding and subordinate officers at all the posts he visited. All made comforting reports of the condition of their men, said the food supply was now satisfactory and stated that very little trouble from strikers or their sympathizers had been experienced.

Thought More Soldiers Necessary.

At the end of his day's investigation at 5 o'clock Sunday night General Porter stated to a correspondent that he was decidedly of the opinion that there was need for all the troops that had been called upon. "If these great railroad properties are to be guarded," he said; "if the men at work are to be protected from assault, and if the roads are to be opened for regular traffic, there certainly are not too many men on the grounds, and I do not know but it might be wise to have two or three thousand more men here." General Porter shook his head when asked how long the troops would remain here. General Doyle, when asked if he thought there were enough troops here, said the fact that he had Sunday ordered an extra company of militia from Hornellsville was sufficient evidence that he did not think so.

MINERS SURRENDER.

The Military Now in Control at Coal Creek.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 19.—A messenger from Coal Creek who arrived at 8 p. m. confirmed the worst rumors. He left there Thursday evening at 4 o'clock. He says the fighting began at 3 o'clock. The report that General Anderson was captured is correct. During the fight two or three mine leaders were captured by General Anderson and his troops. There was a truce, and the miners told Anderson if he would surrender their leaders they would allow him to return to his fort. He took the men and went down among the mob. Before he left he told his troops to fight and never surrender. When he got the captured miners to the Coal Creek depot, where they were out of the range of the guns, a mob captured him, and would not allow him to return. The leader of the mob was the notorious Bud Lindsay, a brother of the United States district attorney of this district.

Reported Lynching of Anderson.

Lindsay is a murderer who has killed eight or ten men. He put a pistol to Anderson's head and told him he must give orders to his men to surrender. Anderson straightened himself up, threw out his arms in the face of Lindsay's pistol, and told him to shoot and be d—d; that he would never tell his men to surrender. Anderson was then taken to a hotel as a prisoner. Late at night a rumor prevailed that he had been lynched.

At 7:45 o'clock a train bearing citizen soldiers from Chattanooga and troops to the number of 570 passed through the city. They made no stop. They have plenty of ammunition and two Gatling guns with two cannons. They declared they would go to Coal Creek or wade through blood. They are under command of General Carnes, who has charge of all the state troops.

Anderson Not Lynched.

A dispatch received from Coal Creek Friday morning stated that Anderson was not lynched, but was still a prisoner. A special train carrying troops and volunteers passed through here Friday morning en route to Coal Creek. The train carried provisions for a week's campain. The officer of the Springfield rifles said to a reporter that his company intended rescuing Captain Anderson if it took every man to do it.

Brigadier General Carnes wired Superintendent Huger of East Tennessee road that all the miners at Coal Creek have unconditionally surrendered to him, and that Captain Anderson would be delivered at 1 o'clock.

Assertion and Denial.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., Aug. 22.—The advisory board of the strikers Saturday morning issued an official statement to the press. It is charged the company has agents trying to induce the old men to return, being dissatisfied with their new force. It is said the material turned out is inferior and has been condemned by government inspectors. The largest daily output is placed at 108,000 pounds a day, while formerly the armor plate mill alone did that much in an hour. The statement threatens a general boycott soon as the necessity arises. Treasurer Curry of the Carnegie Steel company when shown the statement by a United Press reporter denied it in toto.

Michigan Democrats.

GRAND RAPIDS, Aug. 18.—After the state Democratic convention nominated Allen B. Morse for governor, the ticket was completed as follows: Lieutenant governor, James P. Edwards; attorney general, A. A. Ellis; treasurer, Frederick Marvin; secretary of state, Charles F. Markley; auditor, James A. Vannier; land commissioner, George T. Schafer; superintendent of instruction, Ferris S. Fitch; member board of education, James K. Bird.

Spooner for Governor.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 18.—The Republican state convention held in this city nominated the following ticket: For governor, John C. Spooner; for lieutenant governor, John C. Koch; for state treasurer, Atley Petersen; for secretary of state, Robert W. Jackson; for attorney general, James J. O'Neill; for superintendent of public instruction, W. P. Chandler; for railroad commissioner, John W. Bullock; for insurance commissioner, James E. Heg.

Iowa Democratic Ticket.

DAVENPORT, Aug. 19.—The full ticket nominated by the Democratic convention held in this city is as follows: For secretary of state, J. H. McConlogue; auditor, S. P. Van Dike; treasurer, Charles Ruegnitz; attorney general, Ezra Willard; railroad commissioner, W. G. Kent. For electors at large W. W. Witmer of Polk county and Judge Nathaniel French of Scott were nominated by acclamation.

Fatal Collision of Bicycles.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 22.—The collision which occurred between Charles and Albert Riesan, brothers, on Wednesday evening, while riding bicycles, has resulted in the death of Charles at the Samaritan hospital. Deceased was 20 years of age and was considered one of the fleetest wheelmen in the northern part of the city.

Declines a Renomination.

OMAHA, Aug. 22.—Governor Boyd declines a renomination. He promises to work hard for the party this fall and predicts success with the state ticket if good men are nominated.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Items of General Interest Gathered from Everywhere.

Two new cases of smallpox are reported in the Italian quarter in New York city.

The visible supply of wheat in the United States and Canada increased 1,754,000 bushels last week, oats increased 371,000 bushels, but corn decreased 460,000 bushels.

The stonecutters at LaPorte, Ind., who struck have resumed work at the old wages.

John, the 14-year-old son of John Parker, of Harlem, Ills., was killed at the Rock Cut stone quarry.

Chairman Carter of the Republican national committee has challenged the New York World to name any Republican senator who will oppose President Harrison for re-election.

City Marshal Hunter of Ellwood, Ind., arrested at Kokomo, the Greenfield, O., jail breaker, John W. True, who was being held in that city on a charge of burglary, and who broke jail four months ago.

The ninth annual harvest home festival took place in Cullom, Ills. Speeches by local orators, races and a balloon ascension were the principal attractions. In the evening a display of fireworks was given.

Considerable alarm is felt in Kansas over the arrival of a large number of Russians from the cholera infected districts, as fear is entertained of a spread of the disease.

From being burned by a lighted coal oil lamp thrown at her by her husband Jodwega Kassenski, a Polish woman, died at Frankfurd, Pa. The husband is under arrest on the charge of murder.

President Clarkson, of the National League of Republican Clubs, has issued a letter postponing the meeting of the National league from Sept. 1 to Sept. 15.

A family named Morgan, living in Hampden, Me., were poisoned by eating potatoes on which paris green had been used to kill bugs. The father and son were somewhat relieved, but the mother may not recover.

* * *

W. A. Bennett, aged 30 years, of St. Joseph, Mich., committed suicide at Elkhart, Ind.

Nathan Eshleman, a farmer living near Sterling, Ills., committed suicide by shooting himself because a saloon keeper refused to sell him liquor. Two months ago his wife committed suicide by hanging.

Eighth district convention People's party at Saginaw, Mich., split over fusion, straightouts nominating Daniel Thomson of Saginaw, and fusionists indorsing H. M. Youmans, the Democratic nominee.

Harvesting in Michigan is over, and in the northwest is progressing moderately. Without frost Iowa's corn crop is assured, but the yield will be reduced.

Emperor William thinks his boys ought to travel, so Grandmother Victoria has invited them to visit her at Balmoral and see what life is like in the Highlands.

Mrs. Mattie Looney, 50 years old, was murdered in Cobb county, Ga. Her body was terribly mutilated and it is believed she was decoyed from her home and stoned to death.

Daniel Adsit, a farmer living near Lincoln, Neb., drank whisky and died. Poisoning is suspected.

Daniel Collyer of Henryville, Ind., was instantly killed by being thrown from a roadcart.

A 3-year-old child of Mrs. Green of Ramsay, Ills., thrust a powderhorn into the fire. The powder exploded, but the child was not badly hurt.

People's party of the Fourth Michigan district have indorsed George L. Yapie, Democratic candidate for congress.

Mrs. Dora Brunt, wife of a land owner residing near Summitville, Ind., is dead. A bite by a pet squirrel is the supposed cause.

Mrs. Frank Trumbull, wife of a well-known merchant of Rockford, Ills., fell dead from heart disease.

Morocco's sultan has given the rebel Angherites the alternative of surrendering their chief dead or alive or being destroyed, villages and all.

* * *

A miner named Brown was killed and six others hurt by a cave-in in a room at Bennett coal mine near Lebanon, Ills.

The 18-months-old child of Mrs. James Stam, who is an ardent Christian scientist, living near Elwood, Ind., died of an infantile disease, aggravated by the lack of medical attendance, its mother having tried the "faith cure" method of treatment.

St. Louis was selected as the place in which to hold the annual convention of the National Associatton of American Florists in 1893.

John Kelly, an old man jumped into the Sangamon river at Decatur, Ills. Though alive when rescued, the doctors say he can not recover. Previously he had tried to throw himself in the natatorium, where twenty-five women were bathing.

A piece of an emery wheel which burst at Columbus, Ind., was imbedded in Charles Hanson's skull. The man is not expected to recover.

Two robbers who attempted to hold up a Union Pacific passenger train near LaSalle, Col., were routed by a passenger who opened fire on them with his pistol, badly wounding one.

The Roodhouse and Whitehall Electric road has been incorporated with a capital of $100,000. It is believed to be the beginning of a plan to connect many Illinois towns with electric lines.

William H. Rowe and Thomas Conway, bricklayers employed on a building on Sixth avenue, New York, were badly injured by the falling of a scaffold.

A scale of wages has been prepared at Pittsburg by the convention of Baltimore and Ohio telegraphers, which will be submitted to the company.

One of the richest veins of coal in Iowa has been discovered by the Craig Coal company on the Hackenburg farm, north of Fort Dodge.

Oliver Rivard, an aged farmer of Bourbannais township, Ind., was killed by a Big Four train while walking home on the tracks.

Mills & Everett of New York, wholesale dealers in foreign fruits, have made an assignment. Liabilities $75,000 to $85,000; assets, $50,000.

Louis G. Brennan, the Irish-Australian who refused an offer of $850,000 from Russia for his famous torpedo, in order to sell it to England for $550,000, has been made a companion of the bath by Queen Victoria.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the Calumet and Hecla Mining company in Boston it was voted to sell the company's timber lands in the counties of Luce and Alger for $175,000.

Members of the Harlan family held a reunion at Richmond, Ind.

George McFarland of Oswego, N. Y., was arrested at Rockford, Ills., for trying to pass an advertisement as a bank bill.

Andrew Warfield and Charles Boswell quarreled at Lewiston, Ills. Warfield stabbed Boswell, killing him instantly.

Labor leaders who do not get on Gladstone's ministerial list will be given under secretaryships and similar subordinate offices.

John Clune, 11 years old, was fatally shot by John Berg while the latter was shooting at a target at Erie, Pa. Clune was target boy and jumped up suddenly from his seat.

Alfred Nieman, a farmer of Durand, Ills., committed suicide by hanging. It is supposed that his mind was affected by the heat.

Nevins post No. 1 of Rockford, Ills., has been awarded the head of the line at the G. A. R. encampment at Washington for the reason that it is the oldest Grand Army organization in existence.

Ex-Secretary Whitney contributes $1,000 to Editor Pulitzer's fund to redeem the northwest from its Republican bedrock proclivities.

The heaviest taxpayer in Detroit this year is Senator McMillan, who disbursed $33,435.30 on this account.

The bark British Ashbank, Captain Oats, which sailed from Algoa bay May 31 for New Castle, N. S. W., has not been heard from since her departure. It is supposed that she foundered on the voyage. Her crew numbered thirty-two men.

Nearly 8,000 new cases of cholera were reported in Russia, but the plague is decreasing in Persia.

Eva Stokes, daughter of T. Stokes, was fatally burned by exploding gasoline at Carthage, Ills.

Ingla Olson, a 15-year-old bootblack of Eau Claire, Wis., accidentally shot Nils Holle. Holle is thought to be fatally wounded.

A Chicago and Northwestern freight train ran into an open switch near Clinton, Ia. Several cars were wrecked and the engineer and fireman hurt.

The levee below New Orleans is cracking in several places and fears of inundations at these points are expressed.

It is expected that President Harrison will be at Sycamore, Ills., Oct. 22 at the reunion of the First brigade, of which he was commander.

* * *

July 4 last the little baby of Cornelius Scuseman, at New Carlisle, O., swallowed a needle. Friday a doctor cut the needle out of the child's hip.

The youngest M. P. in the new English parliament is 21. He isn't so young as was William Pitt, however, who made his maiden speech in the house at 18.

In the handicap race at 1 mile and 70 yards, run at St. Paul, only six inches separated Yale '91, Lord Willowbrook, and Lucile Mannetta at the finish, they ranking in the order named.

Frank Barnes, a farmer living near Fairbury, Ills., was knocked off a straw stack by Charles Mote during a quarrel, his neck being broken by the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lee of St. Clair, Tenn., were killed in a runaway, their bodies being dragged a long distance and horribly mutilated.

Edward Cody, colored, aged 18, who ran away from his home in Arlington, Tenn., was run over and killed by a train near Cairo, Ills.

An unknown man, supposed to be a resident of Allegheny, Pa., was killed while attempting to board a train at Watseka, Ills.

Joe Lannon and Billy Mahoney, both of Boston, are willing to wager $5,000 each that Sullivan will best Corbett.

Ella Rodgers, the 4-year-old child of Y. C. A. Rodgers of Waco, Tex., was fatally injured by a vicious horse.

Police are hunting for Clifford Townsend, aged 16, who took his father's horse and buggy and $120 in cash and ran away from his home in Haverhill, Mass.

Thomas Young, who murdered his wife last March at Owensboro, Ky., for what he considered indiscreet conduct with other men, has been sentenced to ninety-nine years in the penitentiary.

Trade statistics for the first seven months of 1892 show that France during that time exported to the United States goods valued at 142,738,000 francs and imported goods valued at 466,522,000 francs.

At Hillsboro, Tex., Warren Fisher slapped his 13-year-old sister for some petty misdemeanor, and she picked up a carving knife and fatally stabbed him.

* * *

Anne Hathaway's cottage at Stratford on-Avon is new national property, the British trustees having taken possession of it.

A wild steer loose in St. Louis fatally gored Susan Reis, aged 8, and hurt several other persons.

A wild engine at Elburn, Ills., collided with a milk car, smashing seventy-five cans and severely injuring J. M. Harris.

Coburn & Leavitt, hosiery manufacturers, leasing and operating the Gilford Hosiery mills at Laconia, N. Y., have assigned and suspended business. Liabilities, $30,000; assets probably comparatively small.

Scrofula in the Neck

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:

Willie Tillbrook.

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by **Erysipelas.** We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and **daily growing stronger.**"

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. I feel so much confidence in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer, who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 27, 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Charity Ball."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Lost Paradise."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Nutmeg Match."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"My Colleen."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Dangers of a Great City."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

IRISH-AMERICAN REORGANIZATION NECESSARY.

Now that the aged but exceedingly vigorous Mr. Gladstone has succeeded, for the fourth time in his astonishing career, in becoming prime minister of the British empire, it behooves us, American Irish, to consider well what must be our future policy in regard to Home Rule. It is confidently asserted by the friends of Ireland in London that Mr. John Morley has been charged by his chief with the major responsibility of drafting the new measure. Mr. Morley is, after Gladstone, the one Englishman thoroughly well versed in Irish affairs. He knows, also, a good deal about the aspirations of the Irish people, and, left to his own judgment, would undoubtedly present a measure that, with a few Irish amendments, might meet the expectation of Ireland, in such measure as any kind of English legislation for her benefit can suit a country too long painfully conscious of the fact that the very best intentioned of Englishmen are sorry botches when they attempt to make laws, whether favorable or the reverse, to bind her.

But Mr. Morley will not be left to his own judgment. Harcourt, Spencer, Trevelyan and Campbell-Bannerman will have their say in the matter, and that say will have a tendency toward weeding out from the new Home Rule bill every healthy and stalwart feature. It may be that Gladstone and Morley will be strong enough to imprint their will upon the proposed enactment, when it is presented in the house of commons, but, even should they, will not Trevelyan and his friends, including the disgruntled Mr. Labouchere, play anew the Liberal-Unionist game of 1886, and, once more, sacrifice Ireland's rights to England's jealousy? The unfortunate experience Irishmen have had for generations of the narrowmindedness of most English legislators justifies suspicion until the acts of the now victorious Liberal party reverse the judgment of history.

The most unhappy consequences to Ireland would flow from an insufficient Home Rule bill, and there can be no doubt that if such a one is presented next November the Irish party will unanimously reject it, as they ought to do. On such an issue Mr. Gladstone would be turned out of office on the instant, and, in all probability, an appeal to the British constituencies would return the Tories to power, with a still larger Liberal-Unionist following than they have already; either that or these latter would rally around Gladstone, on the issue of restricted Home Rule, and, by giving him a British majority, compel the Irish to accept whatever form of self-government he might choose to dole out to them.

This will be taken by the ardent as a pessimistic view of the future of the Home Rule question, and may be regarded as a carping attack on Mr. Gladstone. Yet it is not. The English premier may be credited with a generous sentiment toward Ireland, such as he in a great measure exhibited six years ago, but he is a politician as well as a statesman, and he knows just how much his fellow countrymen will stand in regard to Irish self-government. He would not, if he could, betray the hopes of Ireland, but he would prefer the prestige of victory with an inferior Home Rule bill to defeat with a generous one. He is, indeed, placed squarely between two fires, between Scylla and Charibdis; between the devil and the unfathomable ocean. Firmness, unwavering firmness, on the part of the Irish race in every part of the world can alone carry Ireland victoriously through the approaching ordeal.

On the American Irish the heaviest amount of responsibility, outside of Ireland herself, will fall. They are the most numerous, the most potent and the most influential branch of the great and wide spread Celto-Irish race. It seems to us, therefore, that no matter what phase the new Irish struggle may assume in the British parliament, it is our duty to speedily reorganize, on a solid basis, and prepare to render such assistance, moral and financial, as may be within our power. The Irish National League of America, or something kindred to it, should be put at once on an effective footing. A general convention of the American Irish, which would give full representation to every friend of the cause throughout the Union and Canada, should be held not later than the middle of November next, for the purpose of forming such an organisation as would be capable of filling the Home Rule treasury and making it independent of the benevolences of any English party. All "wings" in this country should meet there and heal their differences, and then they would be in a better moral condition to say to their Irish parliamentary friends, "Brethren, do you likewise," if, indeed, a fusion is not effected before the period we indicate.

It seems to THE CITIZEN a poor policy for two sets of Irish-American "peace commissioners" to be operating in Ireland, especially as we are informed that one plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary has been at pains to run down three fellow countrymen, engaged in a similar mission, in London and Dublin. Nothing can effectually check such bad feeling but a widely extended and powerful organization, intelligently controlled and directed, the servant of no clique or faction, but the prophet and guide of a people one in sentiment, in sympathy and in action.

REDMOND ON THE ENGLISH VETO.

Although Mr. Gladstone did not deign to take notice of Mr. John E. Redmond's very able speech during the debate on the Asquith resolution of want of confidence in the Tory government, the argument put forward by the eloquent young member for Waterford, evidently made a deep impression on both sides of the house of commons. His objection to the veto power of the imperial parliament over the projected Dublin legislature was particularly noteworthy. On this point Mr. Redmond said:

"What we ask is this—that in the Home Rule scheme of the right honorable gentleman there should be a specific undertaking that while the Irish parliament continues in existence the powers of the Imperial parliament to legislate for Ireland would never be used. So that in effect it comes to this—that the Imperial parliament should retain its power in strict constitutional theory to take our legislature away, but we would require a formal compact to the effect that while that legislature exists it should be a supreme, free and unfettered effort parliament on Irish affairs. It is no answer, Mr. Speaker, to say that the Irish parliament might pass statutes which would be in excess of their powers. That is a case to be dealt with, not by an Imperial parliament, but by the tribunal which will have to be created in Ireland, as it has been created in every other country where a written constitution has been created. What we object to is not the retention, untouched or unhampered, even of the supremacy of the Imperial parliament in the sense that the Imperial parliament can take away our constitution again if they like. What we do object to is that there should be this right of revision, this right of review, amendment and appeal upon specific acts of the Irish parliament acting within its proper limits. I saw the other day an interesting speech upon this particular point. In this speech it was asked, if there is no such provision protecting Canadian acts, why should we ask such protection for an Irish legislature? In other words, why, if we accepted the bill of 1886, where there was no such protection, should we now ask this protection in a future bill? The answer, sir, is simple. In the bill of 1886 the Irish members were not going to sit in Westminster. In the Canadian constitution, Canadian members do not sit in Westminster. This power to interfere every day in the Imperial legislation of Canada which still remains in this parliament is an absolutely dead letter."

Proceeding still further in his lucid argument the eloquent gentleman expressed himself as follows:

"Mr. Parnell in his claim demanded that the veto of the crown should be exercised as it is exercised in imperial affairs, that is, that the veto of the crown should be exercised in accordance with the usage of the constitution, which prescribes that it should be used only in accordance with the advice of the ministers of the day. What we mean is that the veto shall be exercised in accordance with the advice of the Irish ministers. During the discussion which took place immediately before the elections Mr. Oscar Browning, who speaks with some authority I understand, on these constitutional questions, repeatedly stated on public platforms that the only veto that the Liberal party or that he would agree to would be the veto to be exercised on Irish affairs by the viceroy on the advice of the English ministers of the crown. I need not point out that if it were enacted it would make a Home Rule bill an utter sham and a farce. It will be re-enacting in a more humiliating form the old Poynings law, against which the old Irish party struggled. It would be impossible for an Irish legislature to pass any single act for Ireland on Irish affairs within the scope of its own functions, and powers which did not receive the assent, forsooth, of a British ministry responsible to a majority of this imperial parliament. Irish ministers, under such a system, would be powerless, and the Irish executive would be beneath contempt, without power, authority, or respect."

THE CITIZEN unreservedly indorses Mr. Redmond's view of the question, but it deprecates the use in one part of his speech of the objectionable words "final settlement." Ireland of the future cannot be bound by Ireland of the present—the interests and the liberties of future generations of Irishmen cannot be mortgaged away by settlements on account. Nothing parliamentary is "final" beyond the session which enacts it. The right of repeal or reconsideration is reserved to all legislative bodies, and, as they represent the people, the latter are bound only in the same degree, and to the same extent, as their legislators. Thus, the Act of Union was supposed to be a "final settlement." The most binding part of it was undone when Mr. Gladstone disestablished the Irish church, which was bulwarked by the very strongest provisions—provisions which appeared to be invulnerable.

It certainly would be much better to make the Home Rule bill as complete as possible at the outset, but there is no good reason why its working capacity should not be improved by future legislation, just as the machinery and speed of ocean steamers are better regulated after a few trials. The vital part of Mr. Redmond's argument is that if England shall have power to veto the acts of the proposed Home Rule parliament, Ireland would be no better off than she is today. Mr. Gladstone can hardly afford to act the shabby part of presenting to the long expectant country a Dead Sea fruit. Were he to descend so low, posterity would be compelled to brand him as the Mean Old Man.

CHICAGO AND THE CHOLERA.

Cholera seems to be advancing through eastern Europe with giant strides. It is an old time Chicago visitor, but is hardly more fatal than the grippe, although its name spreads greater terror. The best way to keep Chicago from getting cholera stricken is to enforce the ordinances relating to the cleaning of streets and alleys. The array of uncleaned swill boxes at the rear of city lots is enough to summon old King Cholera to a banquet here at any time. We suppose it is the mayor's duty to see that the ordinances are enforced, but perhaps, he has, according to his custom, shirked the duty and thrown it upon other shoulders. It is to be hoped that next year Chicago will have a chief magistrate capable of attending to executive duties in person. This great city is tired of being run into the ground by a dudish mayor and his incompetent clerks.

GLADSTONE'S MASTERLY RETREAT.

Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., is, we are informed, angry because Mr. Gladstone did not include him in his cabinet, and rumor throws the blame on old Queen Victoria, who heartily dislikes "Labby," his works and pomps, chiefly because of his long continued and merciless castigation of "herself and her house." It is not impossible that the Grand Old Man, who is also a sly old sinner, was not at all put out by the old lady's refusal to allow "Labby" to become a cabinet officer, because the slippery editor of London *Truth* was the first of the prominent English Radicals who not alone suggested, but absolutely advocated, the retirement of the Home Rule question in favor of immediate British reforms. Such an adviser, considering Gladstone's feelings on the subject, would be a sore embarrassment in the cabinet.

Old Vic, whatever may be her other peculiarities, is, at least, a good hater, and has a pretty determined will of her own. She has detested Ireland and the Irish ever since Dublin refused a statue to the memory of Prince Albert, her husband, whose disembodied spirit was afterward supposed by her to have taken up temporary lodgings in the muscular body of John Brown. She has only once set foot in Ireland since that period, and then she made a flying visit to Killarney, avoiding public recognition. Albert, writing to Humboldt during the great famine period, said "These Irish are no more deserving of sympathy than the Poles. They can eat grass!" Surely Ireland couldn't be blamed for refusing to erect a monument to such an enemy as the Prince of Saxe Coburg proved himself to be in her case.

The exclusion of Labouchere is not the first instance in Victoria's career when she opposed the will of her ministers. After the defeat of Milbourne by Peel, shortly after her accession to the throne, an attempt was made by the latter to change her ladies, as well as her lords, in waiting. She was a mere girl then, but she sat down on Peel with an energy that made him wince. He reminded her that precedent should be adhered to, and that when the Whig minister went out of office the Whig ladies of honor must also go out with him. The saucy girl, not yet 20, told Peel she cared nothing for precedent. Either she was Queen of England or nothing, and, as for the politics of her ladies, she cared nothing about the matter, so long as they were personally pleasing to her. The mighty minister, who had bullied the Czar Nicholas, Daniel O'Connell and many other bold and stubborn characters, retreated in dismay and disorder before the scourge of little Vic's tongue, and, thereafter, she was allowed to choose her own familiars. The shrewd old Gladstone who, like Peel, might have easily browbeaten a male monarch, felt in no mood for bringing the lash of the royal tongue upon himself, tough and hardened as it was by the long interval which had intervened between the early days of Peel and his own declining years. Nobody can blame the old gentleman for having considered prudence the better part of valor. It was better to sacrifice a dozen Labouchere's than to have a bad half hour with the Widow Wettin in a tantrum.

WHERE THE REDMONDITES STAND.

It is very evident that the nine Parnellites, or Redmondites, who are called Independents, and now occupy seats in the British commons, are looking out with strong expectations of treachery in the Liberal ranks on the question of Home Rule. Thereupon, *United Ireland*, under date of Aug. 13, in a leading editorial, says:

"For six years the Tory government had been in office, and during that period their rule in Ireland was based on principles opposed to all that was dear to Irish Nationalists. The affairs of Ireland were administered as if it was a province of Britain and not a nation; its people were treated as an inferior race, and the policy of the government was one of violence, cruelty and fraud. The constitution had been permanently suspended, the right of trial by jury had been permanently abrogated, and the right of free speech had been taken away. On these grounds alone, and without considering what might happen under another government, Mr. Redmond declared it was the duty of the Independent members to vote against the ministry. The charges which he brought against it were very similar to those which had been made by Irish members against the Gladstone ministry of '80 '85, and it was on account of similar treatment of Ireland by Mr. Gladstone that the Irish members of that period labored, session after session, to drive him from office until they finally succeeded, and by expelling him from power converted many Liberals who had been fierce Coercionists into zealous champions of Irish liberties. In voting against the Tory Coercionists, therefore, the Independent members were following the course which the Irish party took in '85 against the Liberal Coercionists. Voting against the Tories means placing Mr. Gladstone once more in power. But Mr. Gladstone is pledged to the principle of self-government for Ireland. The Tories are pledged to oppose it. It is, therefore, desirable that the Liberal leader should be given the speediest and fullest opportunity of redeeming his pledges. Assuming that the Home Rule bill will be one which the Irish people can accept, the opposition that will be offered to it will on that account be of the bitterest character, and it might serve the purpose of its Tory opponents to be able to point out that they were ousted from office by a majority under thirty, and the majority could not exceed thirty if the Independent members refrained from voting with the Liberals on the 'No Confidence' motion. This abstention would also furnish an argument to the Radicals who hatched the plot to push Home Rule into the background, and who may be counted on to seize every opportunity that may offer for pushing their pet measures forward. Undoubtedly if Mr. Gladstone intends to bring on a genuine measure of Home Rule, the larger his majority at the outset the stronger will his hands be for the work."

Thus, already, is Mr. Gladstone warned that he will be nine short of the majority that placed him again in power, if he fails to bring in a full and sufficient Home Rule bill. But THE CITIZEN understands that, on this point, both sections of the Irish party are agreed. It believes that John Dillon, William O'Brien and Thomas Sexton are as deeply determined to accept nothing but genuine Home Rule from Gladstone as are John Redmond and his friends. Why, then, this dandying of threats, evidently intended to have effect on the other, and larger, section of the Irish party? Apropos of the tactics of the English Radicals, we observe that Michael Davitt, so help me God, M.P., has declared in a recent speech that British reform measures will not be sacrificed for even Home Rule. In heaven's name what does Michael mean this time? Is he off on another of his crazy tangents? Was he not elected by an Irish constituency, not by Hodge? If he is so anxious about British measures he ought to have run for office in England. The man is as fickle as the wind.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S FOREIGN POLICY.

Both the political supporters and opponents of President Harrison cannot fail to acknowledge his manly promptitude in defending and asserting American rights, no matter by whom threatened or invaded. His recent retaliatory proclamation placing 20 cents a ton toll on Canadian freight passing through the Sault Ste. Mary canal, is simply a game of tit for tat. The Canadians began the unpleasantness by so taxing American freight passing through the Welland canal. This country will, without regard to party lines, approve of President Harrison's action. He appears to be about the only recent American ruler who has had the pluck to protect American interests without regard to the feelings of foreign nations. Unlike some of his predecessors, his desire is to be popular at home rather than abroad. This is a healthy example, and we hope it will mark our foreign policy of the future. The effect of the President's action will be to throw the shipment of Canadian wheat in the North western, Manitoba and British Columbia regions into American channels.

HON GEORGE H. KETTELLE has been renominated for the bench by the Cook County Democracy. Judge Kettelle used to be the law partner of the late Hon. W. W. O'Brien and assisted that celebrated jurist in many of his most famous cases. The Judge is a man of pleasant manners, and looks like a person who would be infinitely sorry to pass the sentence of death on even the most guilty of mankind.

MR. THOMAS G. WINDES, nominated for a judgeship by the Cook County Democrats, is a native of Alabama and was born in 1848. He came to this city many years ago, and founded the well known law firm of Windes & Sullivan. He is an accomplished lawyer, a gentleman of unblemished private character, and has as many personal friends, of all shades of politics, as any candidate who has been nominated in this county for many years.

GOGGIN is not a romantic name, but with Judge prefixed to it, it might pass muster. By the way, James is a bachelor. We don't know whether the hint will serve him with the ladies or otherwise. We give him the benefit of the doubt.

JAMES GOGGIN'S friends laid out William English in the Democratic convention. Neither candidate is a benedict. When "batch" meets "batch" somebody is bound to get left.

EDWARD F. DUNNE, nominated by the local Democrats for one of the judgeships, is a son of P. W. Dunne, formerly of Peoria, and is now 36 years of age. He was born in Waterville, Conn., educated in Peoria and at the Dublin University (Trinity College). He graduated at the latter college, and received the degree of bachelor of arts. Mr. Dunne was admitted to the bar at an early age, and has been a successful practitioner. Although not considered an eloquent advocate, he is generally recognized as an able lawyer. He is a sincere friend of Ireland, but has taken little public part in Irish affairs, and is entirely free from factious entanglements of any kind. Mr. Dunne has a mind of his own, and cannot be led or driven by even his nearest friends and relatives in any direction contrary to his judgment.

OUR friend, Daniel Corkery, would be justified in bringing suit for libel against one of his party organs for lineamental libel. We were thinking of doing something of the kind ourselves last week, but the picture of Dan before and after moving that previous question, as given in the *Herald* of Wednesday, reconciles us to our fate. We will now cheerfully allow Dan to claim all the damages.

THE CITIZEN regrets to announce that Mr. James E. Callahan, of the law book firm of Callahan & Co. has been afflicted heavily by the death of his only surviving child, which occurred at Lake Bluff last week.

STEPHEN GRIFFIN defeated James C. Strain for the superior court clerkship nomination in the Democratic convention. It is evident that the machine did not strain a point to put James in the fore ground.

IRELAND BY LAKE MICHIGAN.

If the World's Fair at Chicago is not to be favored with the presence of Spanish royalty, at least it will be opened by patrician Spanish hands. That function will be performed by the aged Marquis de Veragua on the 1st of May of next year. Seated in his arm chair at Madrid, the venerable nobleman, who is too feeble to stir from home, will press an electric button communicating by submarine cable with the city by Lake Michigan, and set in motion the steam machinery in Jackson Park. Such are the potentialities opened up by the modern genius for invention. The phonograph can treasure every note of the voice of a dead prima donna, the telephone enables a patient to hear a sermon in the parish church without leaving his sick-room, and now electricity that lights our streets as with the glare of noon can inaugurate an exhibition in the New World by the touch of an instrument in the Old. This is a further riveting of the links between the two, and to whom could the honor be more fittingly assigned than to a descendant of that Christopher Columbus who revealed the distant continent to the knowledge of an astonished Europe?

We have great faith in this forthcoming theatre and market-place of the nations. Like everything American, it will be on a grandiose scale. There is already stupendous promise in its immense plazas studded with obelisks and sprinkled with fountains, its avenues of colonnades, its graceful and gigantic statues, and all those adornments which lend beauty and finish to what in itself will be a marvelous hive of industry as well as a collection of lordly pleasure houses. But the corner of the monster bazaar which will have the most attraction for us is that reserved for Ireland. There is a strong and wealthy Irish element in Illinois, as throughout the Union, and it is but right that Ireland should be well and worthily championed, and we may guarantee that it will, for that task has been taken in hand, as a labor of love, by the Countess of Aberdeen, the wife of the most popular Viceroy of Ireland in this generation. Had we our own parliament we presume it would be within the compass of its powers to have made a generous grant for the adequate representation of the country; but, failing that, the best that can will be done, and there is no fear of the promoters being left in the lurch as in the Irish Exhibition at London.

As far as we can learn, the Irish section will be characteristic, and will principally consist of a typical Irish village, or rather a village typical of the peasant industries of the four provinces of Ireland. The cottages will be in various styles of material and building from Donegal to Cork, from Galway to Wexford, and the very stones and mud of which they are constructed will be carried from the old land. The local enterprise of the north will be illustrated in the carding and spinning of wool, the weaver will ply his shuttle, the lace makers will work at their dainty trade, and the *colleen dhas* will be visible milking her cow, for unsophisticated milkmaids from the side of Mangerton will be installed in a model dairy with pretty Kerry cattle. The process of butter making will be shown, and very pleasant and wholesome the sight will be, for in these things the spectacular must be attended to, and the Dutch cleanliness and the delicious make-believe of Marie Antoinette's farm at the Trianon will not be out of place. Nor will carved arbutus inlaid from Killarney, and fantastic devices in bog-oak be wanting, and we suppose a Celtic stone cross will rear its massive proportions on the village green. There will be no need of a chapel; Archbishop Feehan of Chicago, who first saw the light in Tipperary, may be trusted to provide for the religious needs of visitors all and sundry. Of the Irish lasses who cross the brine it is safe to say that most of them will go to stay. But to heighten the illusion a police barracks with athletic men in uniform playing against the gable, a Land League hut, a few pigs—no novelty in Chicago—an Irish piper "convayen" to a cross-road, and a Gaelic Athletic club with *camans* ready for the mimic fray, might also be supplied. There are other features which no doubt would add to the local column, but as this is to be an occasion of peace they might not be in harmony with the surroundings. No; on reflection Mr. Balfour's battering ram, manned by emergency myrmidons, and controlled by a removeable magistrate, under the guidance of a land grabber, would not suit the Ireland by Lake Michigan. But there will be some specimens of Irish art and manufacture in chromo-lithography bell casting, Blarney tweeds and Dublin poplins, that may open the eyes of Uncle Sam, while the peermaking whiskey and porter—alas! that they should be our most thriving products—will hold their own with the most curious decoctions of the American bar, and the shillelah may be introduced instead of the revolver—both, it is to be understood, merely for ornament.

Lady Aberdeen desires that the exhibition should have the effect of sending the stream of American tourists into Ireland, and should serve in some sort as a bureau of information. With this object Donegal Castle, that splendid relic of the bygone, which was once the seat of the O'Donnells, chiefs of Tyrconnell, will be reproduced, but inside—a thoroughly American blending of the useful with the agreeable—will be arranged a general store for the sale of Irish articles. Photographs of the chief buildings and of the choicest beauty spots of the Green Isle will also be on view, but no achievement of sun painting can recall the bracing breath of the Irish wind, the blue softness of the Irish skies, the refreshing verdure of the Irish valleys, with their limpid wells, their picturesque raths and moss covered ruins. It is a pity that a round tower in its genuine aspect could not be built within the grounds, or a model in relief of the Wicklow mountains, the Killarney lakes, and the Donegal highlands, or a plan after nature of College Green, with its spaces crowded with statues, good and bad, but all of historical interest, and on one side the beautiful Corinthian facade of Trinity, and on another the Ionic columns of what was once our Parliament House, and, under Providence, will be so again, when we shall open it with a pageant that will bring the exiles flowing back, for one visit at least, in a full and joyous tide. But we must only thank God for what we have, and live in hope.—*John Augustus O'Shea.*

A.O.H. Reunion.

The first progressive movement towards harmonizing the breach in the ranks of the Ancient Order of Hibernians took place at the meeting of the County Board on the 14th inst., when Division No. 7 of the Board of Erin came back in a body and assumed the obligation of the American Order. This was accomplished through the untiring efforts of the Rev. Father O'Sullivan of the Church of the Nativity, who has been indefatigable in his exertions during the past year to restore harmony in the organization. Now that the first step has been taken, it is hoped that the other divisions will follow suit, and that in the near future this ancient organization will once again assume its proud place at the head of the Catholic societies of the United States. The order is growing rapidly in this county. There were two new divisions organized at the last meeting of the Board.

"Thank You,"

Is what Mrs. Paisley, of Newburgh, N. Y., always says to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured her of a severe case of scrofula and eczema, and she has reason to be grateful.

If you are Bilious take Hood's Pills.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Hall's Hair Renewer is pronounced the best preparation made for thickening the growth of the hair, and restoring that which is gray to its original color.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

On the 30th of May there was a great "demonstration" in Dublin. It was the anniversary of the imprisonment of the Conspirators, and it was determined by the Repealers to make an imposing show. A pledge was duly registered—not to give up the Repeal. It all came off according to programme. Mayors and aldermen from most of the towns in Ireland—the "Eighty-Two Club," in their green and gold—the Trades of Dublin, with their bands and banners, thronged the rotundo, where O'Connell, surrounded by the other "conspirators," held levee. The pledge was read, adopted, cheered (some meaning to stand by it and some not); and then there was a vast and brilliant procession, and the splendid streets of Dublin were once more thronged with marching men and waving banners.

The next morning I sat with Davis in his study in Biggot street. The very Monday before there had been a painful and acrimonious discussion in Conciliation Hall, about "godless colleges" and other trash. We were intent on some exquisite German engravings which he had just received. He was, or appeared to be, in the gayest humor—"Did you hear," he said, "Tom MacNevin's principle of action, which he lays down for the Mayo electors?"—(there had long been an anxious wish among decent people to get rid of Dillon Browne, member for Mayo, a great Repealer, but a bloated bon vivant and insolvent debtor):—"Tom says no man ought to be member for *May-ence*, but the man who can't pay!" We walked out—to the library of the Royal Irish Academy—to the studio of Moore, the sculptor, who was engaged on a bust of our friend Hudson. All the while not a word of the demonstration of yesterday. At length I said: "Davis, yesterday was a great day for Ireland—'the Pacificator never was in greater force.'" He became seriously instantly. "These demonstrations," he said, "are ruining us; they are parading the soul out of us. Why, the mayor and corporation of Kilkenny have gone home, satisfied that Kilkenny at least has done its duty; that if Ireland does not gain her independence this year, it is not Kilkenny's fault; for what could scarlet robes and gold chains do more?"

On returning to his house, he showed me a long row of small volumes—copies of "The Artilleriste' Manuel"—gave me one of them, and told me that was what we must all study now. I never saw him more.

This chapter I dedicate to the memories of that most royal creature and thousands who read it will thank me for the minutest anecdote of him. For which reason I shall select, out of many of his letters to myself, two or three. His letters were always short, and he had no time to write long ones. The following note refers to his proposed Memoir of Wolfe Tone, but he was so busy in supplying information and suggestions to his fellow-laborers, that he had no leisure to apply himself to regular literary labor, and as for his editorial articles, he often wrote them with a pencil, using for a desk the top of his hat:

"No. 1.—(Postmark, July 7, 1845).

"MY DEAR MITCHEL: James Duffy's advertisement is wrong. I cannot have the *Tone* then; and what between the *Nation*, and the bigots, and the quantity of exercise needed to keep me in health, there is small chance of my writing at all for the series, though I would greatly like to do so.

"MacNevin's 'Volunteers' has succeeded, though I wish it were more narrative and less speculative; 2,000 copies sold. The series will do, whatever we like with Ireland. When printing your 'Aodh O'Neill,' reconsider the passage on the Reformation. I have not leisure to be accurate, much less infallible.

"The aspect of affairs were better without its sacerdotal press, but we must bear it. O.C., under Johnny's culture, promises to throw up more bigotry. Yours T. D."

I was then living in the county Down, about seventy miles (English) from Dublin, and, like many others, had frequent recourse to Davis for everything I wanted. I ought to have mentioned that I was engaged at that time on one volume of the series in which he took so deep an interest—a Memoir of Aodh O'Neill, and his next letter refers to some inquiries about that, and to an article of mine in the *Nation* newspaper:

June 17, 1845.

"MY DEAR MITCHEL: I have written to Petrie for answers to your queries. Meantime borrow (if from no nearer person, from Charles Duffy) the Battle of Magh Rath—*vulgo Moira*—and you will find a valuable essay on Irish Flags, etc., in the Appendix.

"I entirely agree in your view of Lord Stanley's bill, and had written to that effect for last *Nation*—but a thick-skulled printer left my article out. I wish your contributions were more frequent. Yours,

"THOMAS DAVIS."

I find another short but very similar note, referring to my antipathy against the new colleges, which, indeed, I detested as much as the Archbishop of Tuam, but for a different reason,—not that they were "godless" but that they were British:

66 Baggot street.

"MY DEAR M.: I think your title perfect in all ways. The prefatory remarks will do good.

"We are not likely to agree on Education or Religion. I have deep faith in mere Truth, and in informal humanity; and, moreover, I feel that an artificial education prevents that faith from being still deeper and more practical. This is a very abstract way of suggesting my religious position; but 'tis enough. Most truly yours,

"THOMAS DAVIS."

One more letter, written on the very day that he was struck by his fatal sickness:

"BAGGOT STREET Sept. 6.

"MY DEAR MITCHEL: C. G. D. told me you had heard many particulars as to Wolfe Tone from the Rev. Mr. Thackeray, of Dundalk. Would you spare an hour to put them down, especially anything as to his manner and views of future events in Ireland. Mr. Thackeray kindly answered my note, but seems to distrust his memory. Truly yours, THOMAS DAVIS."

"N. B.—The sooner I hear the better."

Three years' incessant labor and excitement, operating on an ardent temperament and unresting brain, had done their work, and he died in his harness. Disappointment and despondency, too, had their share in wearing down his frame. He saw the powerful organization wherein he had trusted gradually weakening, lowering its tone, and eating its words, until its heart died within it; and through the gloom, even his eye of faith could hardly discern an outlook to a brighter future; the Green Flag of sovereign Irish nationhood, that had streamed so proudly through the day-dreams of his youth, was fading into distance like the glories of Hy Brasil.

I cannot expect the ordinary reader to fully appreciate the character I have been describing, or the labors of his life, because, to the eye of a distant observer, his life was a defeat, and his labor was utterly lost. I do not believe so. I would not have dwelt upon it thus, but for a strong faith that the seeds he had planted in that kindly soil will bear ripe fruit yet.

He was 31 years of age when he died. His figure was not tall, but compact and active. He walked fast, and with his head held slightly forward, as is the wont of eager and impulsive characters. But he was no mere revolutionist. In the antiquarian re-unions at the academy, none was heard with more respect; in the gay drawing-rooms of Dublin, none was a more welcome guest. He laughed seldom, but heartily. He had not time to marry; but he loved passionately, as such men must; and over his early grave a fair woman shed bitter tears.

How felt O'Connell? Davis had been much in his way, and O'Connell was somewhat of a despot. Davis had been independent of him and his opinions while he gave impetus to his movement; and O'Connell saw no use in independence, and abhorred impetus, unless when he could bridle it himself. "Young Ireland" had been a thorn in his side, it applied fire to his back, and singed his beard. Yet, withal, the heart of Daniel O'Connell was large and loving; Davis had ever treated him with the most reverential respect; and he, on his side, could not but do homage to the imperial genius, nor fail to be won by such a gallant and gentle nature. He was, that month of September, at his house of Derrynane Abbey, far in the wilds of Kerry, among the cliffs of the Atlantic coast, trying to freshen his worn life in the vital air of his mountains, and persuading himself that he could still, when the fox broke cover, listen to the ringing music of his hounds with a hunter's joy. But the massive and iron frame was bent, the bright blue eyes had grown dim, and on that over-wearied brain lay the shadow of death. And his heart was heavy, for, surely, the phantom of "Repeal" haunted him among the mountains, and to his inner ear pierced a cry that the ocean roar could not drown, —the passionate cry of his nine million people—*Where is our Freedom?*

One morning comes news of the death of Davis—and the old man is shaken by a sudden tempest of wildest grief. Well might he cry out, "Would to God that I had died for thee, my son!" From Derrynane his habit was to send a long weekly letter, to be read at the meeting of the association. This week his letter was very short—nothing but a burst of lamentation:

"As I stand alone in the solitude of my mountains, many a tear shall I shed in memory of the noble youth. Oh! how vain are words or tears when such a national calamity afflicts the country!

"Put me down among the foremost contributors to whatever monument or tribute to his memory may be voted by the national association. Never did they perform a more imperative, or, alas, so sad a duty.

"I can write no more—my tears blind me—and—after all,

'Fungar inani munere.'"

O'Brien's sorrow was less demonstrative, but not less deep, and much more lasting. Duffy, who almost idolized Thomas Davis, seemed for a time bewildered and stunned by the blow. The *Nation* was as a fortress ungarrisoned. "The Party" had lost its centre, and those young men who had been held in their sphere by the strong attraction of their chief, though they still remained friends, comrades and zealous nationalists, were no longer a compact body informed by a single soul. To me it seemed that every survivor of that band lost a part of himself, of his power, purpose, capacity, part of him was buried, and in some cases the better part.

Before quitting this personal topic, I shall tell you how it fared with MacNevin. Brilliant, accomplished and vivacious, with a pungent dash of sarcasm, he would probably never have been anything but a wit, of the sneering species, if he had not known Davis. Not one of our company was more devotedly attached to Davis, nor so entirely dependent on him, possessed by him. Though assuredly MacNevin was no intellectual pauper, and with strong literary ambition, yet he took his literary tasks submissively at the hand of his friend, and almost saw and felt as the more potent nature willed that he should see and feel. To him Davis had assigned to write for the *Library* a narrative of the "Plantation of Ulster;" and he was far off at Rose Park, in Galway—his father's house—busy on his history when Davis died. A few days after, on Oct. 2, he wrote to me, inquiring about some authorities for his book, and suddenly remembering, he exclaims:

"Poor Davis! how his overflowing treasury would have opened to my importunacy! The more I think of this death—and day by day it grows even more terrible—the more I am afraid to look its effects on the country and ourselves in the face. How well we could have spared a million lives for that bright, pure, manly spirit!"

Thus, throughout the letter, he interrupts himself with outbreaks of despair. The book was written. MacNevin seemed to regard it as a sacred task, imposed on him by the dead; but almost immediately after its publication his intimates perceived that his tasks in this world were over. He was going mad. From the moment of his friend's death, he had been drifting like a ship without a helm: his compass was lost; his pole-star gone out. At last he whirled into the vortex hopelessly insane, and died in a lunatic asylum.

So far I have lingered on memories both sad and proud. Here I wave to the dead farewell and *requiescant*.

We are next to see what was destined for the living. Before the grave had yet closed on Thomas Davis, began to spread awful rumors of approaching famine. Within the next month, from all the counties of Ireland, came one cry of mortal terror. Blight had fallen on the crop of potatoes—the food on which five millions of the Irish people had been reduced to depend for subsistance; three millions of them wholly and exclusively. We are at the beginning of the first year of the six years' Famine.

To Sir Robert Peel it would have seemed an impious tempting of Providence to neglect this weapon thus graciously placed in his hand for the consummation of the conquest on which he was bent. If the "Repeal" could not be crushed out by coercion, nor bought out by corruption, it might be starved out by famine. The thing was done by a process of "relieving" and "ameliorating"—for, in the nineteenth century, civilized governments always proceed upon the most benevolent motives—but it was done; and so effectually done for that time, that, a few years afterwards, the London *Times* (perhaps prematurely) thought it might announce—"The Celts are gone—gone with a vengeance. The Lord be praised."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A FADED FLOWER.

Lines Suggested by finding an old rose between the leaves of a book

I gathered this rose for my love one May morn
When its petals were fresh and fair,
And I said for my sake she will wear it today
'Mid the wealth of her raven hair.
My love never wore this rich red rose,
Her spirit had fled ere the day;
With a heart full of grief, I kissed o'er and o'er,
The lips of my beautiful clay.

Oh! could you but see the sweet, fair face
Of my love, and her luminous eyes
Gave a pure, a holy and tender light,
As the stars in these southern skies;
And the pure, brave heart that was throbbing within,
Like a nun's in her holy retreat,
And I worshipped the ground as a sanctified spot
She had press'd with her fairy feet.

Have you seen the swan nestle, when out on the lake,
The wind blow fierce and cold?
'Twas thus came my love at the twilight gloom,
And again the old story I told.
Ah, the sweet sad look that came into her eyes
When I once said I wished to roam;
She asked me where'er on this earth I could find
Pure joys like the ones at home!

For her own dear sake I would traverse the globe
And I cared not what Fate might prove;
Her smile was as brightness to show me the way
Even then I was rich in her love;
I was young, and hopeful, and built grand things,
And our lips sealed a holy vow—
Ah, vanity, folly, and idle dreams,
Where are all my grand structures now?

When the night shades gather afar in the East,
And the sun seeks the luminous West,
I turn mine eyes towards the calm blue dome,
Where my darling is taking her rest;
And the tears will stray—oh, blessed grief and relief—
For my first love's early doom;
Poor memory flies to a far away land
And I kneel by the door of the tomb!

In an ancient graveyard, sloping down,
To the waves of Muckross stream,
And around are the dead of the vanished years,
The abbot, the chieftain, the queen;
And I look me again at the rows of tombs
Of the holy, the brave, and the fair
And ask if all earth holds another such one,
As my queen of the raven hair!

Oh, smile if you will at this boyish love,
It was tender and pure and sincere,
And these are virtues your gold cannot buy,
And all generous hearts revere.
If Love were loved for its own dear sake—
For the mind, for the heart, oh what joy
It would bring to such who, instead of pure gold,
Clasp a glittering worthless alloy.
Come stay with me ever, once rich, red rose,
Tho' withered and odorless now,
Thou linkest my heart to another land
To my first, to my tenderest vow!
What is life, what is grief, what is all we hold dear
When it comes that we, too, pass away?
Then the sorrow that lay like a load on the heart,
Disappears in the dawn of eternal day.

T. J. F.

BERMUDA, April, 1881.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p.m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. R. St. Paul Minn.

THE September number of *Donahoe's Magazine* contains a great variety of interesting articles. Among them the following: The blessings of Persecution; Christopher Columbus; Musings on the Irish situation, by an American; Points About the Irish Crisis; A Glance at Ireland's Poets and Poetry; Ireland the Centre of the Civilized World; Revolutionary Heroes; An Interesting Irish Story; The Angelus; Edward Blake's Genealogy; Jesuits and Spartans; A Day in Bed for Health's Sake; Brought the Law into Disrepute; The New Carroll Institute; Gladstone and Home Rule. The Juvenile Department as interesting as usual. $2 a year; $1 for six months. Address, *Donahoe's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

OUR CATHOLIC POPULATION.

Interesting Statistics and Deductions by a Competent Student.

Rev. Edward McSweeney, of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg, Md., thus writes to a contemporary:

You borrowed from the New York *Sun*, with due acknowledgement, a letter of mine, in which the Catholic population of the United States was found to be about twenty millions, supposing that only one half the immigrants were Catholics. Following your suggestion, I pursued my researches in this interesting subject and submit these results:

I showed in the letter above referred to that out of the sixty-two and a half millions of inhabitants in the country in 1890, almost forty millions are either foreign born or descendants of immigrants arrived since 1820. I then said that if only one-half the immigrants were Catholics, the church must have between nineteen and twenty million children in the republic at the close of 1890.

Examining the government records more carefully, I find that as a matter of fact more than half of those who arrived here since 1820 were Catholics. Those who have a taste for figures may read:

Emigrants from non-Catholic lands—	
Denmark	142 517
Germany	3 002,852
(This number is two-thirds of the entire German immigration, because Germany is two thirds Protestant.)	
Sweden, Norway	925 031
Great Britain	2 430 380
Netherlands	25 218
(One quarter of the whole, as the Netherlands are only one-quarter Protestant.)	
Switzerland	102,762
(Three-fifths of the whole, as the Switzers are only three-fifths Protestant.)	
British-America	104 687
(One-tenth of the whole, as the immense majority coming from Canada are Catholics.)	
Russia and Poland	81,223
(One-quarter of the whole, as I think this a fair estimate of the proportion of Russians.)	
These items added together give the total non-Catholic emigration from the chief countries as	6 814,670
Let us now take Catholic countries:	
Austria-Hungary	434 488
France	366 346
Italy	588 558
Poland	343 669
(Three-fourths of the number from Russian Poland.)	
Ireland	4 481,074
Germany	1 801 375
(One-third of the whole number from Germany.)	
Netherlands	75,654
(Three-quarters of the entire immigration.)	
Canada	942 183
(Nine-tenths of the entire immigration.)	
Spain and Portugal	43 609
Total Catholics	7 476 957

To this might be added the Catholic increase by the accession of Louisiana in 1803, and of Florida in 1821, as well as what we gained from Central and South America, the Antilles, California, New Mexico and Texas. Neither have I taken our many converts into this calculation, nor have I cared to take into account the Catholics who are doubtless contained in the schedule of emigrants from Great Britain, but have let the non-Catholics have the entire number. Contenting ourselves, however, with the figures above set down, we find that Catholic immigration has exceeded non-Catholic, and of 40 000, 000 emigrants and their descendants in this country, 20 900 000 are, or ought to be, Catholics, and 19 500 900 cannot be claimed as such.

I have presumed the rate of increase among Catholics to be no greater than that among non-Catholics, notwithstanding the vital statistics of New England; on the other hand, it is true that poverty, intemperance and ignorance may have caused a higher death rate, especially in the children of a certain noble but persecuted and impoverished race. If we, however, by way of compensation, contrast the average of 2½ or so of children which obtains in families most estranged from our faith with that of 6½ which is the pride and hope of the Irish, German and Canadian children of the church, it will be found that the presumption is still in favor of the mathematical conclusion that "we Catholics" number one-third of the population of the United States.

OBITUARY.

MR MICHAEL RIORDAN.

Mr. Michael Riordan, a well known and much respected citizen of Chicago, died at his residence, No. 2962 Arch street, on Aug. 15, at the early age of 36 years. Deceased was a native of Ballykenny, Newcastle West, county Limerick, Ireland, and came to this country many years ago. He was employed for a long time as transfer agent of the Chicago City Railway Company and gave great satisfaction in that position. Mr. Riordan was a man of exemplary habits, genial manners and sterling patriotism. He leaves a wife and children who are inconsolable at the loss that has befallen them. The funeral occurred on Wednesday, Aug. 17, from the residence to St. Bridget's church, where high mass of requiem was celebrated, and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery. Mr. Riordan was a member of Charter Oak Lodge, Ancient Order of United Workmen, the members of which attended the obsequies in a body.

MR. PATRICK KELLY.

Patrick Kelly, brother of Edward Kelly, No. 339 West Twelfth street, in this city, died at St. Louis, on July 24, after a brief illness, aged 40 years. He leaves a wife and two children to mourn his loss. Mr. Kelly had noble traits of character which made him very popular with friends and acquaintances. He was a great enthusiast in Irish National affairs, always longing to see Ireland independent. The funeral took place from St. Patrick's church by carriages to Calvary, and was very largely attended.

MR JOHN O'CONNOR.

On Aug. 14, at his residence, No. 1219 Clybourne avenue, Mr. John O'Connor breathed his last. The deceased, who was a native of the parish of Templebredin, county Tipperary, Ireland, was father to Officers Thos. and Daniel O'Connor, of this city. He also leaves a wife and five more children to mourn his loss. He was a typical Irish farmer, devoutly attached to his family, his religion, and to the land of his birth. When he found the icy hand of death coming on him, his last and only regret was that he could not live to have the happiness of seeing Ireland get Home Rule, to which he believed she was justly entitled. Duly fortified with all the rites of his holy religion, and surrounded by all the members of his family, he died in peace with God and with the world. May his soul rest in peace.

MR JOHN J MULLANNY.

After a lingering illness, borne with Christian fortitude, John J. Mullanny departed this life on July 27, at his late residence, No. 65 West Nineteenth street. At the early age of 33 years, when the future for him was full of enviable prospects, besides leaving a wife and two children to mourn his loss, he left an aged father and mother without a son. His remains were taken to the Sacred Heart church, where solemn services were held. Rev. Father Corbett officiated as celebrant, Rev. Father Tchuyder deacon, and Rev. Father Masterson sub-deacon. Rev. Father Corbett delivered the funeral oration and spoke feelingly on the many sterling qualities of the deceased whom he had known from childhood. The pallbearers were: James Breen, Thomas Burke, John Lyons, John Cowhey, John J. McGlynn and M. J. Nangle. A long line of carriages followed his remains to Calvary cemetery, testifying to the respect and esteem in which he was held through his comparatively short life. May he rest in peace.

MISS LIZZIE COX

Miss Lizzie Cox, sister of Mr. Cormack Cox, of Mr. P. H. Heffron's Randolph street establishment, died at her home in Cincinnati, Ohio, last week, of typhoid fever. The young lady was born in the parish of Gurteen, county Sligo, in 1872. She was a most amiable girl, and was deeply loved by all who knew her. The funeral occurred on Aug. 16, and the interment was at St. Joseph's cemetery, Cincinnati.

ANCESTRY OF GEN. SULLIVAN.

The *Pilot* has received the following communication in reply to its contradiction of the writer's assertion that General John Sullivan, the Revolutionary hero, belonged to the mythical race of Scotch Irishmen:

AUCHINBRECK, Cherry Valley, N. Y., July 27.—*Editor of the Pilot:* I have just received a copy of your valuable paper of July 16, containing a brief notice of my recently published book, "The Puritan in Holland, England and America."

In this notice you criticise my statement that Gen. John Sullivan was of Scotch-Irish origin. I am very happy to be corrected in regard to all points as to which I have fallen into error, for although I have labored earnestly to avoid mistakes, I appreciate the full force of the remark that the only infallible author is the man who never wrote anything. As you evidently know much more about Gen. Sullivan's pedigree than I have been able to learn through my investigations, perhaps you will add to my weight of obligations by informing me from what place in Ireland his ancestors emigrated to this country, and what was theirs and his religious belief or professed faith.

Any one who reads my book carefully will see that I have applied the name Scotch-Irish to the men of the Presbyterian faith, mostly from the North of Ireland, who came to this country in the last century to avoid the civil and religious persecutions of the English. If I can be satisfied upon authority that Gen. Sullivan did not come within this definition I shall be very happy to correct my error. Yours respectfully,

(Signed) DOUGLASS CAMPBELL.

We are happy to reply to the courteous inquiry of Mr. Campbell by referring him to the "Life of James Sullivan," governor of Massachusetts, and brother of the general, by Thomas C. Amory, published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, 1859.

On page 4 of that interesting work it is stated: "A long succession of O'Sullivans, hereditary princes of Beare and Bantry, whose names are recorded in the genealogical works of Ireland, and mentioned honorably in its annals, were for centuries independent chieftains of the southerly portions of Munster."

On the following page appears this record of the family's Catholicity, for which they sacrificed so much:

"Zealously attached to their ancient faith, with no respect for the new opinions, the nobles of the South of Ireland, when they perceived it to be the determination of Elizabeth to eradicate Romanism, formed, in 1588, for mutual protection, what was designated the Catholic League of Munster. They were soon involved in a war, which was waged with various fortune for fifteen years. After the defection of McCarthy More, Daniel O'Sullivan, Lord of Bearehaven, at the head of the confederacy, was left to bear the chief weight of English resentment. His clan rallied with their accustomed loyalty to his banners, and for a time he maintained, with some promise of success, a hopeless struggle with overpowering numbers. The long and gallant defense of his Castle of Dunboy, by a garrison of 149 men against 5 000 English armed with artillery, is one of the most heroic on record. Left to cope with forces superior in number, arms and discipline, he led his remaining followers through a country filled with the enemy, and, transporting them in boats, made of the skins of their horses, across the Shannon into Connaught, gained the advantage in several engagements by skill and bravery. Disappointed in the hope of finding sufficient force in Connaught to continue the contest with any chance of success, alone exempted from pardon, with Ellen, his wife, daughter of Owen O'Sullivan More, seventh Lord of Dunkerran, he went into Spain, where his son, for eminent services, was created Count of Bearehaven.

On page 7 is given the direct genealogy of the General's family as follows:

"John Sullivan, of Berwick, in Maine, father of Gen. John Sullivan, of the Revolution, and of James the subject of this memoir, was born in the city of Limerick, in Ireland, in the early part of the year 1693. His father, Maj. Philip O'Sullivan, of Ardea, a lineal descendant in the fourth generation from Daniel O'Sullivan Beare, was an officer in the Catholic army, and there is reason to believe one of those who, after the surrender of Limerick to William of Orange, preferring exile to submission to a government not of their own choice, under the articles of the surrender, dated October, 1691, concluded to go with Sarsfield into France."

And on page 412 in the Appendix, is given in Master Sullivan's own words, the connection of himself and family with the Maj. Philip O'Sullivan, of Ardea, above mentioned. We quote:

"Master Sullivan, of Berwick, father of James, when far advanced in years, wrote out the following statement of his family and origin, at the request of the wife of his son, Gen. John Sullivan: 'I am the son of Maj. Philip O'Sullivan, of Ardea, in the county of Kerry. His father was Owen O'Sullivan, called Lord Bearehaven. He married Mary, daughter of Col. Owen McSweeney, a noted man for anecdotes and witty sayings. I have heard that my grandfather had four countesses for his mother and grandmothers. How true it was, or who they were, I know not. My father died of an ulcer raised in his breast, occasioned by a wound received in France in a duel with a French officer. They were all a short-lived family; they either died in their bloom, or went out of the country. I never heard that any of the men-kind arrived at 60, and do not remember but one alive when I left home. My mother's name was Joan McCarthy, daughter of Dermod McCarthy, of Killoween. She had three brothers and one sister. Her mother's name I forget, but that she was the daughter of McCarthy, of Carbery. Her oldest brother, Col. Florence, alias McFinnin, and his two brothers, Capt. Charles and Capt. Owen, went in defense of the nation against Orange. Owen was killed in the battle of Aughrim. Florence had a son who retains the title of McFinnin. Charles I just remember. He had a charge of powder in the face at the siege of Cork. He left two sons, Darby and Owen. Darby married with Ellen Sullivan, of the Sullivans od Bannane. His brother married Hanora Mahony, of Dromore, in the barony of Dunkerran, and also died in the prime of life, much lamented. They were short lived on both sides; but the brevity of their lives, to my great grief and sorrow, is added to the length of mine. My mother's sister was married to Dermod, eldest son of Daniel O'Sullivan, Lord of Dunkerran. Her son, Cornelius, as I understand, was with the Pretender in Scotland, in the year 1745."

It is, therefore, as we have said, a matter of fact and record that the Sullivans were pure Irish without a single admixture of Scotch or other foreign blood. As for their religious belief, it is sufficiently indicated in the fact that they were persecuted and exiled for their Catholicity after having fought in the "Catholic army" against the forces of Elizabeth and William of Orange. The General and his brother lost their father's faith but not his nationality.

We feel confident that Mr. Campbell will make the necessary correction in the next edition of his work. We yield to nobody in our admiration of the Protestant Irishmen, and the list is long as it is glorious, who have worked and suffered and died for their country; nor of the equally noble men of their race and creed who consecrated their lives to the cause of American liberty; but why call them what they were not, "Scotch-Irishmen?" Religion does not constitute nationality. Wallace and Bruce were Catholics; but nobody is silly enough to call them "Irish-Scotch" on that account. Scotland has a glorious roll of heroes, honestly her own. She does not need to borrow or steal from another country; and, to do her justice, she does not usually attempt anything so dishonorable. Nor do we believe that true Scotchmen countenance the pilfering designs of so-called "Scotch-Irishmen" in America. The dishonesty of the "Scotch-Irish" claims rests upon some degenerate sons of Ireland, aided and abetted by such "Anglo Saxon" champions as Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge and other anti-Catholic crusaders.—*Boston Pilot.*

MISS KATE COFFEY, contralto of the Cathedral of the Holy Name, receives pupils in the Italian method of voice culture at her studio at Lyon & Healy's, and is prepared to try voices every day at 12 o'clock, except Wednesdays and Saturdays. Miss Coffey may be addressed in care of Lyon & Healy.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:35 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:30 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

Elegant Service.

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire, St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

MAILS AT A DOG TROT

IT TOOK TWENTY-FOUR DAYS FROM NEW YORK TO CINCINNATI.

Mail Service Less Than Sixty Years Ago. An Interesting Account of the Big New York Fire of 1835 from an Old Letter Written at the Time.

It is hard to believe that only fifty-seven years ago, a time within the memory of many old residents of this city, a letter took twenty-four days in transit between New York and Cincinnati. Here is a letter addressed to "Nicholas Carroll, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio," postmarked "New York, Dec. 18," and also marked "Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 11," the difference between the two dates being three weeks and a half. The letter was afterward forwarded to New York, "care of Messrs. Gideon Lee & Co., No. 20 Ferry street." The name of this firm will have a familiar sound to some leather merchants still doing business in "the swamp."

In addition to the interest which this old letter has as a curiosity of the mails, it contains the account of an eye witness of the great fire of 1835. It is written upon a full sheet of foolscap paper, and was mailed, after the fashion of that time, without an envelope, the address being written upon the blank fourth page and the whole sealed with a wafer. There is no stamp of course, but the postoffice department has marked it with a pen, "2P 25-50." The postmarks, in red ink, are much larger and plainer than those of the present.

The letter is dated New York, Dec. 17, 1835. "It is with the deepest feeling of regret," the writer says, "that I try to give you a faint idea of the horrible calamity that befell our city last night. It is indeed one of the greatest disasters that ever visited this country, or probably any country since the memorable conflagration of Moscow. Almost the whole business part of the city is one heap of ruins.

"About 8:45 o'clock last evening fire was discovered breaking out in two or three places in the stores in Pearl street, just below Wall street, on the side nearest the exchange. There was almost a gale blowing from the northwest, which immediately drove the flames across Pearl street, where they enveloped ten or twelve stores, and in a few minutes the fire was driven through to Water street, and thence to the East river, sparing nothing in its course on the lower side of Wall street. The shipping in that quarter was almost every moment catching, and the tide was too low to float them out into the river, some of them being aground.

"The fire continued to drive on toward the Battery, enveloping the exchange and making steady progress down toward Old slip and to William street, sweeping everything in its way to a level with the ground. It then extended through Exchange place to William street, up William to Wall on both sides, then through the South Dutch church, taking the whole block below through to Broad street, except the stores fronting on Broad street. You can now imagine the whole space from the block fronting on Broad street down to the East river one broad sheet of fire and rapidly moving down to the Battery. The engines had long since given up all hope of doing anything; it was utterly out of their power, as the hose froze as fast as it was filled up.

"I was on the spot a few minutes after the fire broke out and staid till about 7:30 this morning, helping, as much as I was able, my friends to move their own and their employees' books and valuables. It was a bitter cold night, and this morning you can perhaps imagine my feelings, but you cannot my looks. It is now 12 o'clock and I have not been from the stove since I came from the fire, but I hear that it is raging almost as much as ever and has burned up everything this side of Coenties slip.

"Dec. 18—Your letter remained unfinished yesterday, as I thought it would be useless to attempt to mail it in the confusion necessarily attendant upon the removal of the postoffice. They saved everything, I believe, connected with that department, and are now under the custom house. The fire is got under and has not reached below Coenties slip. They stopped its further progress in Pearl street by blowing up one or two stores in Pearl street on the corner of Coenties slip, where, you will recollect, the slip is narrow and there was danger of the fire reaching across. Among our acquaintances burned out are Cheesebrough, lost all his clothes, saved $15,000 out of $70,000; D. Stoutenburgh, John Birdsall, etc. People are more cool today, and say the loss is between $30,000,000 and $50,000,000."

"The case now stands thus: Begin on the lower side of Coffee House slip and come up Wall street to William, thence diagonally back of the Phœnix bank to the stores fronting on Broad street; then it has made a clean sweep within this circle to the East river down to Coenties slip, where it is now burning. Everything within this is destroyed—the exchange, postoffice, A. Tappan & Co.—everything is gone. Everybody wears a gloomy face this morning, and with reason. Some of the effects will be the failure of all fire insurance companies in the city, and people coming in while I am writing say that at least half of the merchants in New York must fail, and half the banks. In short, there is no end to the misery that will be produced. The loss at the present time is variously estimated at from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 in goods and property. The cause of the fire has not been ascertained."

People were not cool enough even on the second day to reach rational figures, for the loss by the great fire of 1835 was afterward computed at $18,000,000. The houses and stores destroyed numbered 648. There was no Croton water then to fight fire with. The Croton system had been determined upon a year before, but it was not opened till 1842. The first transatlantic steamship entered the harbor six years later, in 1841, and in that year the first telegraph line was established. The writer of this interesting reminder of a half century ago was Edwin R. Tremain.—New York Times.

"Get your things together, wife; we must fly—anywhere. If we do not we shall be lost, and all for nothing."

"What!" she asked. "Have you become so frightened that you want to run away?"

"How can I be otherwise than frightened? The governor has ordered me to build a new cathedral, and all in one day. If I do not build it he threatened that he would cut off my head. Only one thing is left—to run away while there is time."

The wife did not accept this suggestion.

"The governor has many servants, and wherever we go we shall be caught," she said. "You cannot escape him, and so long as we have power we must obey."

"But how to obey when it is beyond me?"

"Little father! do not grieve. Take your supper and go to bed. In the morning you will get up and everything will be all right."

Emelyan went to bed. The wife awoke him.

"Go," she said; "go quickly and get your cathedral built. Here you have nails and a hammer, and there is only one day's work left for you."

Emelyan went to the city, arrived at the palace and behold! there was a new cathedral standing in the middle of the square, wanting only a little of being finished. Emelyan started to give it the finishing touches where they were required, and by the evening everything was complete. The governor awoke up, looked out from the palace and saw—the cathedral, with Emelyan walking around it, merely putting in a nail here and there. The sight of the cathedral did not gladden the heart of the governor. He was furious at having no opportunity of beheading Emelyan and taking his wife. The governor calls his servants again.

"Emelyan fulfilled this task also," he said. "We must invent something more complicated for him. Invent it. If you do not I will behead you first." His servants contrived that the governor should order Emelyan to make a river flowing around the palace, with large vessels floating on it. The governor ordered Emelyan to perform this new task.

"If," he said, "you could build a cathedral in one day, you can do this also. All must be ready tomorrow, as I have ordered it. If it is not ready your head will be cut off."

Emelyan became more dejected than ever, and returned with the gloomiest of faces.

"Why," she said, "are you so gloomy? Has something new been ordered?"

Emelyan told her all.

"It is necessary," he said, "to run."

"It is impossible to run away," she said. "We shall be caught wherever we go. We must obey."

"But how obey?"

"Oh, little father, do not trouble about anything! Take your supper and lie down to sleep. Get up earlier and everything will be in time."

Emelyan lay down to sleep. In the morning the wife wakes him up.

"Go," she said, "into the city. All is ready. There is only a little hillock left beside the harbor. Take your spade and level it."

Emelyan went and arrived at the city. 'Round the palace ran a river; vessels were floating on it. Emelyan went to the harbor and saw there a hillock, which he started to level. The governor wakes up, looks out and sees—a river where previously there had been none. On the river vessels were floating, and Emelyan with the spade is leveling the hillock.

The governor was astounded, and he was not pleased with either the river or the vessels, being vexed to think that he could not behead Emelyan. He thinks to himself: "There is nothing that he cannot do. What is it to be now?" He called the servants and began to consult with them.

"Invent for me," he says, "a task that Emelyan cannot fulfill, for all that we have hitherto invented he has done, and I cannot take away his wife."

The servants thought and thought, and at last they found something. They went to the governor and said:

"Call Emelyan and speak to him thus: 'Go there, without knowing where, and bring that, without knowing what.' Wherever he goes you can then say that he has not gone where he was needed, and whatever he brings you can say that it is not what is wanted. He can then be beheaded and his wife taken."

The governor was delighted.

"This," he said, "you have invented wisely." He sent for Emelyan and said to him:

"Go there, without knowing where, and bring that, without knowing what. If you do not bring it I shall cut off your head."

Emelyan went to his wife and told her what the governor had said. The wife pondered.

"Now," she said, "they have taught the governor a lesson that he himself will suffer by. The thing has to be managed wisely."

She sat down, reflected, and spoke to her husband as follows:

"You will have to go far—to our grandmother—to our old peasant mother. You must implore her kindness and you will receive something from her. You must then go straight to the governor and I shall be there. This time I shall not be able to escape from their hands. They will take me by force, but it will not be for long. If you do all the grandmother tells you, you will soon free me."

The wife prepared her husband for the journey, giving him a small bag and a spindle.

"Give this spindle to our grandmother," she said. "By this she will know that you are my husband."

The wife showed him the way and Emelyan started on his journey. After leaving the city he saw some freeshooters (strelitz) practicing. Emelyan stopped and looked on. The freeshooters practiced for awhile and then sat down to rest. Emelyan went up to them and asked:

"Don't you know, brothers, which is the way to go one knows not where, and how one is to bring one knows not what?"

The freeshooters were astonished at the question.

"Who," they said, "has sent you to find that?"

"The governor."

"No," they said, "we cannot help you."

Emelyan, after sitting awhile, got up and went on farther. He journeyed on and on, and came to a forest. In the forest was a hut. In the hut sat an old crone—the old peasant mother—spinning flax and crying. The old woman saw Emelyan and screamed out:

"What have you come for?"

Emelyan gave her the spindle and said his wife had sent him to her. The old woman immediately became milder in her manner, and began to question him. Emelyan started to tell her all his life—how he married the girl; how he moved over to the city to live; how he was taken on as a man of all work; how he served the governor; how he built the cathedral; how he made the river with the vessels on it, and how the governor had ordered him to go there, without knowing where, and bring that, without knowing what.

The old woman listened and stopped to weep. She began muttering to herself.

"All right," she said; "sit down, little son, and eat."

Emelyan ate, and the old woman started giving him instructions.

"Here," she said, "you have a ball. Roll it before you, and go after it wherever it runs. You will have to go a long way—to the ocean. You will get to the ocean, and there you will see a large city. Enter the city, and ask in the farthest house for a night's lodging. There you must search for what you need."

"But how, grandmother, shall I know what it is?"

"When you see what people obey better than father or mother that will be the thing. Catch hold of it and carry it away. You will bring it to the governor; he will tell you that you have not brought what was needed, and you must then say, 'If this is not the thing it must be broken in pieces.' Beat upon it and then take it to the river; break it and throw it into the water. You will then get back your wife."

Emelyan bade the grandmother goodby and departed, rolling the ball before him. The ball rolled and rolled and brought him to the ocean. By the ocean was a large city. At the far end of it was a big house. Emelyan asked for leave to sleep in the house and was admitted. He lay down to sleep. Early in the morning he awoke and heard the father going up to arouse his son that he might send him to chop wood. The son does not obey.

"It is early yet," he says; "there is time."

Emelyan hears the mother getting down from the oven, and she says:

"Go, my little son; the father's bones are aching. Must he go himself? It is time."

The son merely smacked his lips and slept once more. While he slept there arose a terrible noise in the street and a beating, as of drums. The son jumped up, put on his clothes and ran out into the street. Emelyan also jumped up and ran after him.

"What is that which the son obeyed better than father or mother?"

Emelyan ran out and saw a man going along the street and carrying a round thing on which he beat with sticks and which rumbled. This thing the son obeyed. Emelyan ran toward it, began to examine it and saw—a thing that was round, like a barrel, and had both ends covered with skin. He began to ask what it was called.

"A drum," the man said.

Emelyan was surprised and he asked that it should be given him. It was not given. Emelyan gave up asking and commenced to walk after the man. He walked all day, and when the man lay down to sleep Emelyan snatched the drum away and ran off with it. He ran and ran and came home to his own city. He thought that he would see his wife, but she was no longer there. She had been taken off the next day to the governor.

Emelyan reported to the governor: "He who went there, without knowing where, has brought that, without knowing what."

The announcement was made. The governor ordered that Emelyan should come the next day. Emelyan started to announce himself again.

"I have come today," he said, "and have brought what was ordered. Let the governor come out to me; if not, I will myself go in."

The governor went out.

"Where," he says, "have you been?"

He answered.

"You have not been there," said the governor. "But what did you bring?"

Emelyan wanted to show him, but the governor did not want to look.

"That is not it," he said.

"If it is not," said Emelyan, "it must be broken, and the devil with it."

Emelyan went out with the drum and beat upon it. As he beat upon it all the military of the province collected around Emelyan. They saluted him and waited for orders from him. The governor began shouting out to his soldiers that they should not follow Emelyan. They paid no attention, but all marched after him. The governor saw it and ordered that Emelyan's wife should be brought out before him. He asked that Emelyan give him up the drum.

"I cannot," said Emelyan; "I have orders to break it and throw the pieces in the river."

Emelyan went with the drum to the river, and the soldiers followed him. Near the river Emelyan broke the drum skin. He broke the wood into small fragments and threw them into the river. And all the soldiers ran away.

Emelyan took his wife and led her home. From this time the governor ceased bothering him, and Emelyan began to live comfortably, gathering around him the good things of life and ridding himself of the bad.—Count Tolstoi in New York Sun.

WITH A SCARAB TO A FRIEND.

Day by day, and mile by mile,
As I journeyed up the Nile,
Pen in hand,
Taking sketches, making notes
Of temples, tourists, boats,
Palms and sand;

Labyrinthine tombs exploring,
Climbing pyramids, adoring
Gods of old;
"Anteekah" hunting, trying
My 'prentice hand at buying,
Being "sold;"

In the midst of these excursions,
"Fantasias" and diversions
Without end,
I bought a tiny scarab
One morning from an Arab
For my friend.

It was once the sacred token
Of eternity unbroken
And divine.
Some long vanished priest or king,
Lord or lady, owned the thing—
Now 'tis thine.

—Amelia B. Edwards.

TEMPORARY HOBBIES.

The Instinct in Human Nature That Finds Expression in Fads.

A fad is described in the dictionaries as a "trivial fancy, adopted and pursued for a time with irrational zeal." There is always a strong desire among certain people to take up some fad or other that shall distinguish them from other people. They are usually intelligent, but have more or less a spice of the crank in their temperament and disposition. They want to be and to do something that separates them from the great mass of humanity. Sometimes this is accomplished with the aid of accident, as of birth or of training, as of a religious creed or of nature, when a woman is handsome or a man particularly good looking. But these latter are minor and individual affectations. Where such personal advantages fail there is still another mode of keeping up a discrimination from the multitude of people. It is to cultivate a fad. The mildest form of it is exhibited among men and women in cultivating a passion for cats and dogs.

There is a harmless class who collect old books, rare engravings, first folio Shakespeares, coins and token pieces, scarce sets or parts of sets of china or old yellow lace. These are all quiet folks with hobbies, and we can leave them alone, quite confident that they are wedded to their idols and will never be a disturbing force. Most of them are secretive and hide their weakness from the profane crowd. Only the elect of the same taste are invited to look upon them. There is another intelligent, more numerous and noisier set who are bitten with a literary fad. These have piped at social gatherings and in the market places since the time when France originated the Precieuses and English dames raved over the woes of Clarissa Harlowe and German women shed buckets of tears over the sorrows of Werther. The two latest fads are of Boston origin. There was originated the first Browning society, and when "A Doll's House" was translated they set the ball rolling toward "an Ibsen craze."

It is a pity that the last ever became a fad, for apart from Ibsen's social theories, his woman's rights notions and his leveling principles generally he is a strong writer and a master of romantic expressions. As a fad, however, Ibsen has run his course, and his followers are looking out for some other literary heroes to nurse. Maeterlinck, "the Dutch Shakespeare," has been tried, but on account of the merely suggestive and ghastly character of his plays he has failed to materialize. His best subjects are disagreeable—the vague terror of death in the midst of a group of the blind, or his unseen but felt presence in an assembled household. The emotions they cause are "creepy," and will not bear to be talked about in a club, and they entirely escape the clumsy hands of a public lecturer.

There are two literary fads remaining, but both are English and one is a revival. Those who keep the stage at present before select audiences are George Meredith and George Borrow. The reign of George Meredith is endangered because he still lives and writes, and there is grave doubt whether he will keep himself alive with other "Chloes" and "Egoists" or kill himself off with a succession of "Tragic Comedians." But Borrow, fortunately for his admirers and his fame, is dead.—Baltimore Sun.

The Wends.

In outward appearance the Wends are throughout a powerful, healthy and muscular race, whose men are coveted for the conscription. The first Napoleon's famous "Bouchers Saxons"—the Saxon dragoons—were nearly all Wends. And in the present day it is the Wends who contribute the lion's share of recruits to the Saxon household regiments. Their women are prized throughout Germany as nurses. They are all well built, well shaped, rich in muscle and nimble in motion, like the Lacedæmonian women of old. Next to stature, the most distinctive external feature of the race is their national dress, which, as in most similar cases, survives longest and in its most characteristic form among women. As between different districts it varies very markedly, but throughout it has some common features.—Fortnightly Review.

An Odd Turkish Superstition.

An odd Turkish superstition is as follows: If one finds a piece of bread lying upon the ground he must pick it up, kiss it and carry it until he finds a hole into which the kiss can be inserted. To step upon a piece of bread or to leave it lying upon the ground is one of the unpardonable sins and dooms the offender to the third hell, where he is perpetually gored by an ox that has but a single horn, that in the center of his forehead.—St. Louis Republic.

Seashells for Cooking Utensils.

It is not generally known that large numbers of seashells are imported from tropical countries every year for cooking utensils. These shells are used largely in the hotels and restaurants as baking receptacles for lobsters and crabs. —Philadelphia Times.

EMELYAN'S WIFE.

Emelyan was a laborer living in his master's house. Emelyan was going to his work in the fields one day when a frog, upon which he had almost trodden, jumped up in front of him. Emelyan carefully stepped over it. Suddenly he heard some one call him. Emelyan turned around and saw a beautiful girl standing behind him, who said:

"Why do you not marry, Emelyan?"

"How can I marry, my girl? I have nothing except myself; no woman will go with me."

"Marry me."

The girl greatly pleased Emelyan.

"I!" he replied with delight; "but where shall we live?"

"Is that worth bothering about?" said the girl. "It only means that we shall have to work a little more and sleep a little less, and then wherever we are we shall find ourselves clothed and fed."

"Very well, then, we will marry; but where shall we go?"

"Let us go to the city."

Emelyan and the girl went to the city. The girl led him to a small house at the farther end of it; they were married and started housekeeping. The governor drove out one day, and as he passed their house Emelyan's wife ran out to look at him. When the governor saw her he was struck with astonishment at her beauty, and said to himself, "Where could such a beauty have come from?" He stepped up, called her and began to question her.

"Who are you?"

"The wife of the peasant Emelyan."

"How came such a beauty as you to marry a peasant? You should have been a princess."

"Thank you for your kind words. I am well content to be a peasant's wife."

The governor made a few more remarks, drove away and returned to his palace. He could not get the wife of Emelyan out of his head. He did not sleep all night. He thought of how he should take away Emelyan's wife and get her for himself. He could hit upon no way of doing it, so he called his servants and ordered them to find a way.

The servants said to the governor:

"Take Emelyan as one of your laborers. We will then kill him with hard work. The wife will be left a widow and you can have her."

The governor sent for Emelyan to become a man of all work and to live with his wife in the palace. The messenger went and gave Emelyan the message. The wife replied:

"That is good. Go. You can work during the day and at night you can return to me."

Emelyan went. He arrived at the palace. The governor's foreman asked him:

"Why did you come alone, without your wife?"

"Why bring her? She has her house."

They gave Emelyan work in the governor's yard that would have been a hard task for two men. Emelyan set about his work and was afraid he would not be able to finish it, but before night he had finished it all. The foreman saw that he had done all of it and gave him for the next day four times as much.

Emelyan went home. There he found everything swept clean and tidy; the stove lit; the baking and cooking all done. The wife was sitting at the table and sewing while she waited for her husband. She met him, laid the supper, gave him his meat and drink, and when he had finished began to ask him about his work.

"There is no use talking; it is bad. They give you more than you can do. They will kill me with work."

"But you—you must not think about the work. Don't look to the one side or to the other; how much have you done or how much is left. Only work. All will be done in time."

In the morning Emelyan returned to work. He started work, never looking to one side. Lo! by the evening it was all finished, and before it was dark he was at home. They put more and more work upon Emelyan, but he always finished it in time and went home.

A week has gone by. The governor's servants see that they cannot kill Emelyan with rough work. They begin to give him skilled tasks, but with this they cannot kill him. Carpenter's mason's, roofer's work—all that they gave him he finishes in time and goes home to his wife and to sleep.

Another week goes by. The governor calls his servants and says:

"Do I feed you with bread for nothing? Two weeks have passed, and as yet I see nothing from you. You wanted to kill Emelyan with hard work, and from my window I observe him going home every day, singing. Did you intend to make a jest of me?"

The servants began to excuse themselves.

"We tried," they said, "with all our might to kill him with hard work, but we could not do it. When he sweeps with a broom he does it without fatigue. We then began to give him skilled work, thinking he would be short of brains, but with that we could not break him down. Where does he get it from? Everything he approaches he does. It must be that there is witchcraft in him or in his wife. We ourselves are tired of him. We want to give him a task beyond his powers. We thought of giving him an order to build a cathedral in a day. Do you call Emelyan and command him to build a cathedral in front of your palace in a single day, and then, if he fails to do it, his head can be cut off for disobedience."

The governor sent for Emelyan.

"Now, then," he said, "this is my order to you. Build me a new cathedral in front of my palace in the square. It must be ready by tomorrow. If you build it I will confer honor on you. If you do not build it you will lose your head."

Emelyan listened to the order, turned round and went home. "Now," he thinks to himself, "my end is come." He went to his wife and said:

How They Were Married.

The wife of a popular preacher says that a fine looking young farmer, roughly dressed, with an ox whip in his hand, knocked at the door and was shown into the parlor. There he laid his whip upon the mantelpiece and proceeded to make known his errand.

"I say parson," he began, with some embarrassment, "if I was to figger roun today till I got things fixed to my notion, could I come up here 'long with a girl an git married?"

"Certainly," said the minister, "certainly. What seems to be the trouble?

"Wal," answered the farmer, "I've got my license—that's all ready; I got it more'n a week ago. An now I've got a place to git married at. That's two things. But I ain't said nothing to the girl yet. She's in town today, though, an I seen her in a store buyin some things, an I'm a-goin right down an ask her."

He took down his whip, flung it over his shoulder and went out of the door and down the street. The minister and his wife laughed, but the wife went often to the window and peeped out to see whether the expectant couple were in sight.

More than an hour passed; she had nearly given them up; but at last they appeared—the girl, as the parson's wife expressed it, "a perfect little beauty and as neat as a pin."

"I had lots o' trouble a-findin her," said the farmer by way of explanation, and then they stood up and were married, while the bride seemed hardly to know whether to smile or to weep. But when the ceremony was over and the minister's wife said something to her about it's being so sudden she answered, while tears brimmed her eyes, "But you see, ma'am, I've loved Jim ever since I can remember, and he was just too stupid to find it out."—St. Louis Republic.

The Antiquity of the Umbrella.

The antiquity of the umbrella is undisputed. The Chinese, who in their lavish notions of antiquity credit their institutions with centuries galore, think nothing of dating the first umbrella back to 4,000 or 5,000 years anterior to the Mosaic date of creation. Many distinguished scholars have claimed to discover in the Bible reference to the existence of a shield against sun and rain, while the Sanscrit poets, writing when Latin was young, are full of allusions to it. Various have been the speculations as to the origin of the umbrella. Some say that the introducing of leafy branches into a sort of a bower first suggested it, as the fig leaf of Father Adam gave the first mighty impulse to the clothing trade. Others that the nomadic tent was the only natural prototype of what so strongly resembles it in miniature.

In the Chaldaic sculptures of Nineveh the umbrella is of frequent occurrence, as shown by the excellent reproductions of Layard, who wrote concerning it: "The umbrella or parasol, that emblem of royalty so universally adopted by eastern nations, was generally carried over the king in time of peace and sometimes even in war. In shape it resembled very closely those in common use, but it is always open in the sculptures. It was edged with tassels, and was usually ornamented at the top with a flower or some other ornament."—Clothier and Furnisher.

Burke's Grasshopper.

Sir Philip Francis once waited upon Edmund Burke by appointment, to read over to him some important public documents. He found Mr. Burke in his garden, holding a grasshopper and observing it attentively.

"What a beautiful creature is this!" said Burke. "Observe its structure—its legs, its wings, its eyes."

"How can you," said Sir Philip, "lose your time in admiring such an animal, when you have so many objects of importance to attend to?"

"Yet Socrates," said Burke, "attended to a much less animal; he actually measured the proportion which its size bore to the space it passed over in a skip. I think the skip of a grasshopper does not exceed its length. Let us see."

"My dear friend," said Sir Philip, "I am in a great hurry; let us walk in and let me read my papers to you."

Into the house they walked. Sir Philip began to read and Burke appeared to listen. At length Sir Philip, having mislaid a paper, a pause ensued.

"I think," said Burke, "that naturalists are now agreed that locusta, not cicada, is the Latin word for grasshopper. What's your opinion, Sir Philip?"

"My opinion," answered Sir Philip, gathering up his papers and preparing to go, "is that till the grasshopper is out of your head, it will be idle to talk to you of the affairs of your country."

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Shopping for Amusement.

The French critic, musician and government official, Romieu, was fond of joking. One of his diversions—amusing, but not to be commended—was to go into some shop where he was not known and perplex the clerks by his questions and remarks. One day he went into a glove store and told the clerk that he wished to make a purchase, but must apologize for his poor French. If she would listen carefully he hoped to make himself intelligible. He had always found the clerks in Paris so intelligent and amiable, he said, that one need not be discouraged even if he did not speak the language very well. He would like a pair of gloves—kid gloves. Did she understand?

All this was said in perfect French, with irreproachable accent and idioms.

"Certainly, sir," murmured the astonished clerk.

"Ah, then I will persevere; kid gloves, pearl gray—do you understand—pearl gray?"

"Yes, sir, you speak French with perfect"——

"A thousand thanks. This is another proof of the inexhaustible amiability and patience which I have noticed in the shops of Paris. With two buttons—you comprehend?"

"Yes."

"The Parisians are so quick to catch one's meaning! And will you kindly stretch them, and put in some glove powder? What is the price? I wish my command of French permitted me to express my thanks for the promptness and courtesy with which I have been served."

He paid for his gloves and departed without a smile.—Youth's Companion.

An Ox Yoke Punishment.

There is an old farmer out in Jersey who has as great a detestation of flirting as was ever cherished by the mikado himself. It was a great shock to him one evening at church when he caught his fourteen-year-old daughter exchanging glances and smiles with a neighbor's son a couple of years older. The old gentleman mused over the problem all the way home, and finally hit upon an expedient which he only awaited the opportunity to put into practice.

This was not long in coming. As he turned a corner of the road the next day he caught a glimpse of the young couple on the road ahead of him, walking along, hand in hand, and even as he paused, speechless, he saw them exchange a kiss. That settled it.

With a few strides he had overtaken the culprits and was marching them off to his barn, which stood in a prominent position close by the high road. A shout brought out the hired man, and in a twinkling the old granger had slipped an ox bow over his victims' heads. Then he seated them on the doorstep and kept them there for one mortal hour, calling the attention of all passers by to "my two calves I'm a breakin in."

At the end of the time he released the prisoners, who made all haste to put as much distance between each other as possiole.

And now they don't even speak when they pass by.—New York Recorder.

Her Husband in Luck for Once.

"I was once kidnaped by a pretty woman," was the way George W. Louthan, of the Smoky City, began a story at the Lindell. "I was standing in front of a popular resort in Denver, chatting with some boon companions, when the lady marched up to me and said, severely, 'George, I have been looking for you,' and before I could make reply she took my arm and marched me off to a carriage. Mechanically I got in, and she drove off with me, berating me soundly meanwhile. I said nothing, but kept wondering who she could be. She appeared to have a roster of my faults, for she enumerated them all. Presently she stopped before a rather pretentious dwelling, and I thought it time to ask for an explanation. She turned upon me quite indignantly, stopped, looked hard at me, then stammered forth an apology. She had mistaken me for her husband. I accepted her apology on condition that the lecture she had given me should not be warmed over for the man who looked like me. She promised, and I escaped." —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Gave Fair Warning.

A keen sense of humor had a certain convict at Dartmoor, who carted down from his cell one night his books, etc., and handed them to the principal warder with a statement that as he was going home on the morrow he required them no longer.

"Eh, what!" the officer exclaimed. "Why, you've got seven or eight years to do, my man."

"No, I ain't," the prisoner replied; "I'm off home tomorrow."

This statement caused much merriment amongst the officials and warders standing by. They laughed on the other side of the mouth, however, the next day, for B—— early in the day made a daring and successful escape from the gang in which he was working on the bogs, and decamped across the moor.—London Tit-Bits.

Umbrella Etiquette in Turkey.

In China ladies are attended by servants who hold umbrellas over their heads. The Chinese and Japanese introduce both the umbrella and parasol into their decorative work and athletic sports. In western Turkey it is necessary to close an umbrella on meeting people of high rank, and a European traveler who was passing one of the palaces of the sultan was nearly run through by the guard before he comprehended that he must put down the open umbrella he carried. Every one passing the actual residence of the sultan lowers his umbrella as a salutation to "the brother of the sun and the moon."—Detroit Free Press.

What the World Likes.

The world likes to be astonished, not courted. The man who would succeed must rub out all his interrogation marks and put in exclamation points.—Kate Field's Washington.

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THE MARTYR'S WIDOW.

Appeal Issued by a Committee of the A O H. to Enlist the Aid of the Patriotic in Behalf of Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

FELLOW CITIZENS: On May 11, 1883, Daniel Curley was executed in Dublin for alleged complicity in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

It was on the eve of the ninth anniversary of his execution that a refined and delicate lady called at a pastoral residence in Chicago to have a mass offered up for the deceased patriot the following morning. An accidental question revealed to the priest that his visitor was the wife of the unfortunate Daniel Curley and that she and her two bright and innocent boys were homeless in Chicago—that she was struggling against great odds to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her children. The good priest was astonished at the negligence of the Irish people in failing to make suitable provision for this family, which the patriotism and honor of the husband and father had left without a protector. He consulted some friends about the possibility of providing Mrs. Curley and her family with a comfortable home. One of the oldest and most respected priests in Chicago suggested that the matter be laid before the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The suggestion was acted on, with the result that this body, so well known for their patriotism, unanimously resolved to take charge of the matter, and accordingly an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the presidents of the different divisions under its jurisdiction, to devise ways and means of raising funds to carry out this deserving and laudable work.

At a full meeting of this executive committee the undersigned were instructed to issue this appeal to enlist the sympathy and the co-operation not only of the Hibernians of Cook County but of the whole Irish race.

When Daniel Curley was condemned on the testimony of the informer Carey, he was offered a large amount of British gold and his liberty provided he gave evidence to implicate others. The last two hours of his life were given him to consider the proposition, but he spurned the offer and accepted death on the scaffold rather than leave a dishonored name to his country and wife and children.

When Daniel Curley voluntarily accepted death for a principle—a principle, as he believed, of Irish nationality—his family became the wards of the Irish race, and it can be attributed only to lack of organized effort that so far our race has not done its duty in this case.

In the name, then, of that justice due Mrs. Curley and her children, in the name of the long list of patriots who have sacrificed life and liberty for the principles of Irish nationality, we appeal to the Irish race in Chicago and elsewhere to come forward in their generosity and help this noble undertaking.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer of the fund, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill., and will be published in THE CITIZEN.

LAWRENCE HENELY,
P. B. FLANNIGAN,
P. O'SULLIVAN,
P. DEVER, } Com.

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 320 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Sherman st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

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Jacques Cartier Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 138 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2137 State st; Wm J Gronchon, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—D B Quinlan, C R; Henry S Hewson, R F; W J Erler, F S; P H Clowry, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 3d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 38th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 382 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuess, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; E Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 945 S Jefferson st; Julius Ealer, R S, 399 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Harnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

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St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 239 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Fusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

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Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Degnise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 109 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

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Div. No. 18—Pres, James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V-P., Daniel Daly. Rec. sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 820 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first Thursday of each month at 3:30 S. Halsted st., at 2 p m.

Div. No. 27—W. J. Doherty, Pres., 47th st and Centre av.; John F. Geoghegan, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 4004 Ashland av.; M. Ryan, Fin. sec.; Patrick Grace Treas. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30, m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st, and Ashland av.

Div. No. 28—Pres. P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., John Kerr; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st; Fin. Sec., James A Walsh; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m. at Shields' hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, James Dolan, Pullman; V P, Wm J Carroll; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter J Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

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Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Archer ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. J. Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet 3rd Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts.

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A GRAND lake excursion to St. Joe and Benton Harbor will be given under the auspices of the Union Catholic Library Association, on Saturday, Sept 3, on the elegant new palace steamer Chicora. The board of directors cordially invite all the members and their friends to participate in this delightful trip. The boat will leave the Graham and Morton dock, at the foot of Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock p. m., returning to the city at 10:30 p. m. For information concerning the excursion, call at the library rooms, No. 94 Dearborn street any day between 1 and 5 p. m.

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For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated tourist folder, to GEORGE H HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Sunday Service.

On Sunday, May 22, the Wisconsin Central lines resumed its popular train service between Chicago, Waukesha and the Lake Region. Trains leave the Grand Central Passenger Station for Lake Villa (Fox Lake), Antioch, Mukwonago and Waukesha at 8:30 a. m., Sunday, arriving at Lake Villa, 10:33 a. m.; Antioch, 10:40 a. m.; Mukwonago, 11:40 a. m.; and Waukesha, 11:59 a. m. Returning trains leave Waukesha at 4:45 p. m.; Mukwonago, 5:05 p. m.; Antioch, 6:18 p. m.; Lake Villa, 6:30 p. m.; arriving at Chicago at 8:45 p. m. For the accommodation of excursionists desiring to remain in the country over Sunday "The Business Man's Special" will again be placed in service. This train will leave Waukesha at 5:30 a. m., arriving at Chicago at 8:50 a. m. For tickets, time tables and pamphlets apply to GEORGE K. THOMPSON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, or to JAMES C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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Dated Chicago, August 25, 1892
ELIZABETH B. SCHON, Executrix.
Thomas McEneray, Attorney.

ESTATE OF JOHN DURRIN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John Durrin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October A. D. 1892, being the 17th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, August 25, 1892
MARY DURRIN, Administratrix.
Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

ESTATE OF LAWRENCE SEERY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Lawrence Seery, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October A. D. 1892, being the 17th day thereof.

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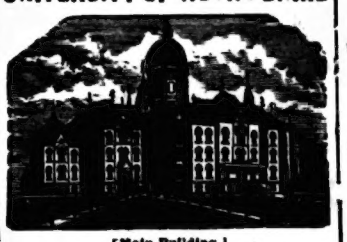

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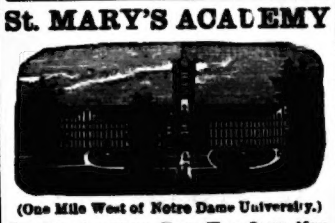

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